The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The longer I live the more certain I become that no author is a reliable critic of his own work. He is too intimate with it to be impartial; he can no more really judge it than he can see in the glass what he looks like to other people. He is influenced in his opinion—if it may be called that—by the circumstances in which his book was written, perhaps by the fact that it embodies some specially cherished idea; by personal affections and prejudices that can count for nothing in any final estimate of his art. He is as unreliable when he disparages as when he praises what he has done. Shakespeare could say confidently in one sonnet that neither marble nor the monuments of princes should outlive his rhyme, but in another he has lost that certainty and is desiring "this man's art and that man's scope." Which of Keats's two death-bed utterances are you to take as representing his considered judgment—"I think I shall be among the British poets after my death," or "Here lies one whose name was writ in water"?

All this is not a matter of reason with them, but merely of moods, and it is only the smaller author who holds a consistently high opinion of his achievements. Poor Southey, you know from his letters, was self-assured that his unreadable epics were going to share the immortality of "Paradise Lost"; but they are all dead, and he is living on little or nothing now but his Life of Nelson. I don't remember that Lamb had any extravagant faith in his genius, and am pretty sure that most of his greater and all his more popular contemporaries would be considerably astonished if they could come back to-day and see what a full measure of glory haloes the brow of St. Charles. Coleridge and Wordsworth loved the man, but I don't think they quite realised his greatness; I doubt whether Hazlitt ever expected to rank below him, and obviously Southey (who condescended to him as to Shelley) did not. For authors are almost as fallible in judging others as in judging themselves; and so are some critics.

XUM

I will confess to a dreadful suspicion that there was something rather ridiculous in the overpoweringly solemn attitude that several of the great Victorian poets and men of letters assumed toward literature and their individual gifts. Tennyson, Swinburne, Carlyle, for instance, ostentatiously held aloof from average humanity and would, in a most superior manner, snub any misguided innocent who was foolish enough to allow his admiration to carry him the length of seeking an interview with his idols, or even peering over a fence at them. Their habits of sitting often for their portraits, which were duly exhibited, of printing their names on title pages and yet pretending to hide from the public very naturally stimulated the curiosity they loftily affected to despise. People did not hunt Browning and William Morris like that; although they also could write poetry, they did not therefore shut themselves off from friendly human beings who could not. It used to be said slightingly of Browning that he was an incorrigible diner-out; anyhow, he did not follow Tennyson's lead and go about dressed like a stage brigand and then profess annoyance because he could not evade the gaze of the vulgar, and it seems likely that, in the long run, Browning will prove to have been the greatest of them all.

Mr. J. Middleton Murry.

On the whole, the only positive significance to be attached to an author's opinion of himself is that when he is contented with his accomplishment, and feels he ought to be above criticism, it is a sign that he has done growing. It would be easy to name young and old contemporary writers who have reached that stage; and easy to name as many who are self-critical enough to be aware of their literary shortcomings, and courageous enough to point them out; and one or two who have the even rarer virtue of being ready to acquiesce when a reviewer does that for them.

One of these is Mr. Middleton Murry, whose second novel, "The Things We Are," is reviewed on another page. In the *Athenæum*, which he edited, and as a contributor to other journals, he has shown himself a critic of discernment, and he can be as frankly critical of his own as of other books. His first novel, "Still Life," was written in 1914–15. After that, he was for four years busy in the War Office; then for a year and a half as an editor: but he found time to write the articles he has collected in "Aspects of Literature" (Collins) and "The Problem of Style" (Oxford Press), and some poems which, as "Poems, 1916–1920," were published last year by Cobden-Sanderson. Last summer, finding himself with a little more leisure, he began to wonder whether he could not, in the form of a novel, record the effect of the war upon what he regards as typically modern minds, and this was the genesis of "The Things We Are." It was written very quickly—much too quickly he thinks now—for it was finished in two months, and he admits that he is not pleased with it, yet "I believe there is something in it," he says, "and at any rate, it has served its purpose of showing me my weak places."

Photo by Maull & Fox.

The late Gertrude Page (Mrs. R. A. Dobbin).

A special article on Gertrude Page and her work appeared in THE BOOKMAN for January last.

He went on to say, when I was asking him about it, "If I were criticising myself, I suppose I should own that the real weakness

of all my work is the incomplete fusion between the critical (or philosophical) idea and the sensuous expression. The result is that it is always overcharged; it never has (or very seldom has) the lucidity necessary to a work of art. My problem is to find a simple expression for complicated and sometimes intangible thoughts. Whether I shall ever succeed I don't know. Until I do, the most I feel inclined to claim for myself is sincerity. I have always tried to express what seemed to me to be the truth. I have never thought of pleasing anybody except myself and—most important exception—my wife (Katherine Mansfield) who is the finest critic by far I know."

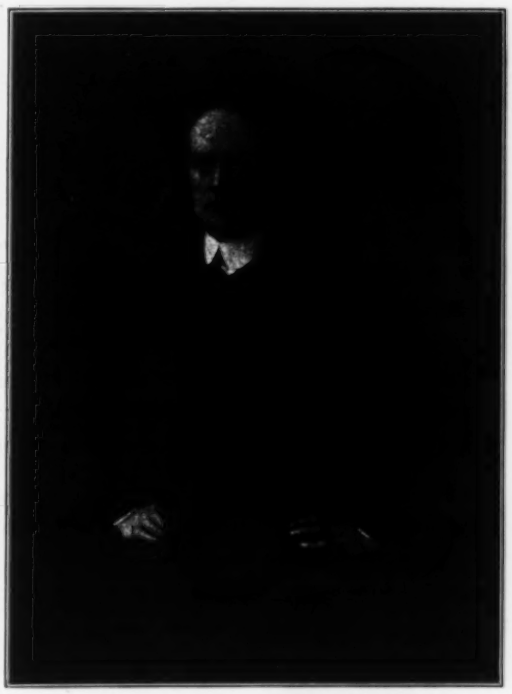


Photo by Vandyk.

Benjamin Swift
(Mr. W. Romaine Paterson).

Other critics have been less exacting, and Mr. Murry is as likely to be wrong as right in this dissatisfaction with himself, but, anyhow, if he is wrong it is in the right way. He is at present engaged on three books: a novel of modern life, which he thinks of calling "The Experimentalists"; a fantastic, philosophical story, probably to be named "The Sultan Bâb"; and a book about Shakespeare on which he has been working intermittently for a long while.

None of our younger women poets has done finer work than Miss Muriel Stuart, who is a long way yet from receiving the recognition she deserves. The essentially modern feminine spirit has its truest poetical interpreter in her, and I am surprised to be told—for I had not noticed it—that her two volumes, "Christ at Carnival" (Jenkins) and "The Cockpit of Idols" (Methuen), were boycotted by some of our leading literary journals—why, is more than I can understand. I am glad to hear that she has collected her later work into a book which, under the plain title of "Poems," will be published next month by Messrs. Heinemann.

A new novelist who is winning golden opinions is Miss Christine Orr; her "Kate Curlew" has been received with something like enthusiasm. She was only eighteen when she wrote that charming story, "The Glorious Thing," and just twenty-one last year when she finished "Kate Curlew." She has been writing ever since she was a very small person, and owns that Stevenson has always been her master. The only child of Sheriff R. S. Orr, K.C., of Edinburgh, she was educated at St. George's School in that city, and went for a year to Somerville College, Oxford, where she read for History honours, but, owing to health and family reasons, left without taking her degree. She has contributed stories to the magazines, and written a good deal of verse for *Punch*, the *Saturday Westminster* and *The Poetry Review*. Miss Orr agrees with Hugh Walpole that this is the romantic age and has no liking for the patient photography of the realist. "I am interested," she says, "in all attempts to revive a really worthy national literature and drama, not necessarily in the Scots dialect, but possessing that essential quality of race which is so apt to be lost in these cosmopolitan times. I should like to do for the Scottish Lowlands what Sheila Kaye-Smith, for example, has done for Sussex."

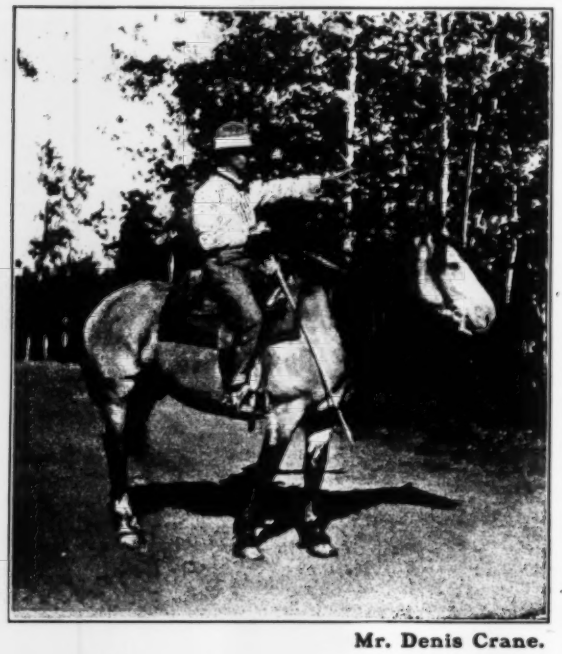
Miss Christine Orr,
Author of "Kate Curlew" (Hodder & Stoughton).

I have been asked and have asked myself from time to time in the last few years, "What's become of Benjamin Swift?" Before the war, he had established a reputation with that brilliant series of novels which began with

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Arthur Mills.
whose new novel, "Pillars of Salt," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

XUM



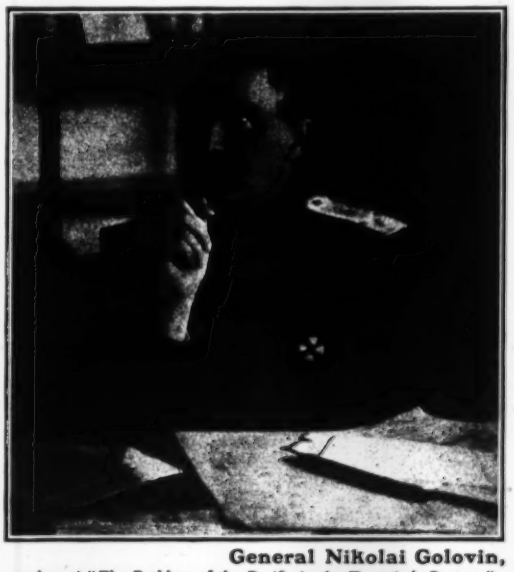
Mr. Denis Crane.

" Nancy Noon," in 1896; then suddenly he fell silent, and for long past no new fiction has come from his pen. The explanation is what one might have expected—he joined up, and found his war-time duties left him neither the mood nor the leisure for writing stories. After the Armistice he was appointed to the Rhineland High Commission as Head of the Translation Bureau, and was only demobilised on his return home last year. Then he sat down to resume the career that the war had interrupted, and has now completed a new novel, " Sudden Love," which will be published in a few weeks by Thornton Butterworth. He has placed his scenes in a small French town during the war, but the war forms only a background for a story that is, I think, simpler in style and more romantic in theme (for I have read it in manuscript) than any he has yet written. It is more or less of an open secret that " Benjamin Swift " masks the identity of Mr. W. Romaine Paterson. He is engaged on another novel, of which I may give no details at present, and hopes to have finished it by the autumn.

Photo by J. Chivers, Bristol. **Mr. Harold Downs.**

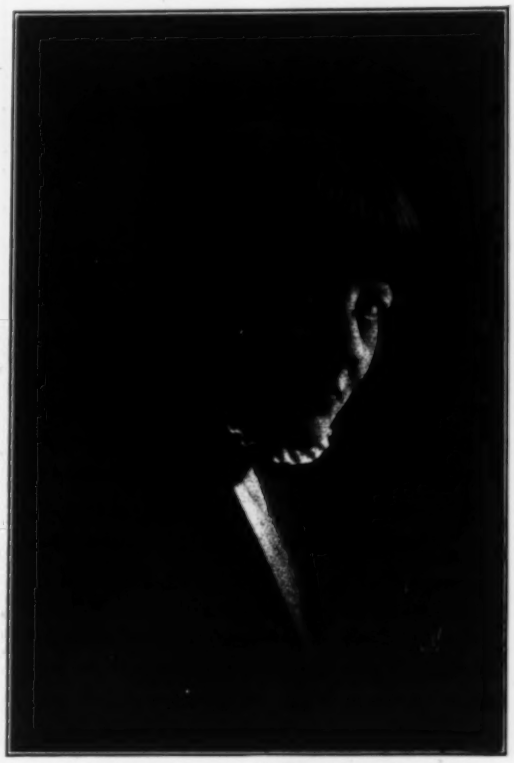
The humorist is never honoured so much as he ought to be; if you want the public to take you seriously you mustn't make it laugh. Most intelligent men who make up their minds to it can write a good novel, but none by taking thought can become a humorist. If he is not born with a sense of humour nobody can inoculate him with it. Everybody claims to be born with that, yet humorous writers are the rarest kind of author. They are much scarcer than poets, for we never get more than one new one at a time. The newest is Ben Travers, who arrived last year with " The Dippers," which was published by John Lane. He might have arrived earlier, for he is now in his thirties, but he was on active service all through the war, finishing as a Major in the R.A.F., and could not take up his pen until he had laid down his arms. He thinks, as I do, that " the humorous side of literature is sadly neglected in these days, when it is surely wanted if ever it was." With " The Dippers " Mr. Travers scored an immediate success; he has now dramatised the story and it was produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, a fortnight ago, and has started on a triumphal tour to nine of the great provincial centres. His new book, " A Cuckoo in the Nest," is reviewed somewhere else in this Number, so I shall say no more of it than that I have not laughed so much over any story for at least a year.

Photo by Nina Whiting. **Mr. Sydney Horler.**



General Nikolai Golovin,
author of " The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century " (Gyldendal).

Denis Crane, who has another name in private life and is known as the author of three or four admirable books, has written in "The Boys' Book of Canada," which Wells, Gardner are to publish, a romance of travel and history that makes such a living picture of the great Dominion as will appeal especially to all readers of from fifteen to twenty. Mr. Crane knows Canada from end to end. Five times he has travelled from coast to coast and back, and journeyed thousands of miles away from rail and road. Last time he took with him his son, a fourth form schoolboy, so that he might get actual impressions of Canada as a boy sees it. In a little over four months they covered over 18,000 miles. In a word, the book reveals the present-day romance of Canada as a natural outgrowth of the romance of Redskin and Bison days. That son of Mr. Crane's, by the way, is now under Cecil Roberts on the staff of the *Nottingham Journal*.

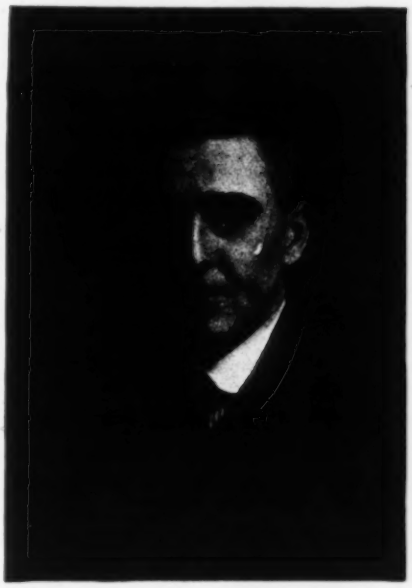


Miss Vere Hutchinson,

whose first novel, "Sea-Wrack," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing. Miss Hutchinson is a daughter of General H. D. Hutchinson, and sister of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of "If Winter Comes."

"The Aylesburys," a three-act play by Harold Downs, will be the next addition to C. W. Daniel's "Plays for a People's Theatre" series. Mr. Downs, who is the editor of *Pitman's Journal* and other Pitman publications, is keenly interested in various educational movements, and a popular lecturer on Modern Drama and the Stage. Three years ago he founded the Bath Playgoers Society, of which he is the hon. secretary.

On a tramp through the United States into Canada, with Vachell Lindsay for travelling companion, Stephen Graham kept a chronicle of the journey which he wrote up from stage to stage, sitting by camp fires in the mountains, and under the title of "Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies," Macmillans are about to publish this chronicle, illustrated or decorated with thirty-eight emblems by Vernon Hill, who is perhaps best known for the remarkable drawings he made for Stephen Phillips's "Christ in Hades."



Mr. Eric Leadbitter,

whose new novel, "Dead Reckoning" (Allen & Unwin), is reviewed in this Number.

Miss Ursula Greville has just returned home after a propaganda tour through Germany and Austria with a programme of songs by young English composers. No foreign music, with the exception of one Mozart aria, was included in the programme. At every town except Vienna, she tells me, there was at first a certain sense of resentment (sometimes plainly expressed by music critics) that England, while demanding reparation, should expect her art to be received by Germany, but in every town, before the end of the evening, the singer and the songs had overcome this. In Vienna the reception was particularly cordial. Miss Greville had to give no less than seven encores at the conclusion of her programme, and was specially engaged for the Philharmonic Concert three days later. The leading baritone of the Vienna Opera stood down in order that this invitation might be possible.

It must be a year or so ago since I first noted Sydney Horler on the horizon, and hailed him as a very promising new writer who was devoting himself to stories of sport—especially to football stories. He has been writing now for three years, and wrote his first story while he was in the Army, prompted by sheer desperation and the need of adding to his very modest pay as a private. "I wrote stories of all kinds," he says, "before I found my particular line. I

became fascinated by professional football, and was amazed to find there was no imaginative literature on the subject, and resolved to do my best to fill the breach. We are the foremost sporting nation in the world, and football is a game that interests millions of people. In America the writer of sporting tales has his definite place, in England nobody seems to trouble about him, and I determined to see if I could not fight that prejudice or inertia." And he looks like making good. His first full-length football novel, "Goal!" had a capital reception; he has contributed football and other sport stories to many of the magazines, two serials to the *News of the World*, which are in course of being filmed, and a football novel of his, "A Legend of the League," has just been published by Hodder & Stoughton. He writes about sport simply because sport has become his chief hobby and passion, and he assures me he would as soon watch a football match as sell a new novel, but of course he would sooner do both.

The late Mr. Ernest A. Vizitelly,
the distinguished war correspondent and first English translator of Zola.
From a caricature by Tom Hutt.

Was the Washington Conference a masterly achievement in the way of eliminating all chance of an armed conflict in the Pacific? Some of us think so, but the Russian author, General N. Golovin, thinks otherwise, and in "The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century," which Messrs. Gyldendal are publishing, he tells us why. He foresees trouble from the imperative need for expansion that exists in Japan and, however that may be, he writes with such intimate knowledge and authority that none concerned can afford to overlook his contribution to this all-important subject. The same firm has in hand "Life," a new novel by Johan Bojer, and "Frozen Justice," a story of Alaska, by the well-known author-explorer, Ejnar Mikkelsen. THE BOOKMAN.

As we go to press I learn, with very much regret, of the death of that clever young Canadian novelist, Miss Marjorie Pickthall, a portrait of whom, with a note on her career, appeared in last month's BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

It is a good many years since Mr. Charles G. Harper's "The Brighton Road," the first in his series of anecdotal and pictorial narratives of The Highways of England, made its appearance. It is over twenty years since it was reissued in a second edition, revised and brought up to date. Many things have happened since then; new history of one sort and another has been made along the Brighton road; the motor-car has arrived on it; the road itself and its landmarks have undergone various changes, and again Mr. Harper has revised his book and, largely rewritten and reillustrated, a very attractively produced new edition of it (7s. 6d. net) has been published by Mr. Cecil Palmer. The road has been the scene of many horse, foot and cycle races; it has associations with numerous famous persons, such as Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, the Prince Regent, Rowlandson (several of whose drawings are reproduced), Cobbett, Dick Turpin, Harrison Ainsworth, Mark Lemon, Tom Cribb, Tom Sayers, and other gentlemen of the "fancy," who fought some of their notorious battles on commons or in fields that the road passes. Here are anecdotes of these and many another; tales of old coaching days and of coaching notabilities, and all manner of topographical information and miscellaneous gossip concerning the towns, villages and hamlets with which the road is fringed. A useful guide-book, it makes most fascinating reading and is copiously illustrated with Mr. Harper's own delightful drawings, and with old prints. The traveller along the Brighton road will find his journey made easier and immensely more interesting if he carries this entertaining and reliable handbook along with him, and for those going in other directions the stories of sixteen other roads, revised and largely rewritten, are to follow in the same series.

"The Closing Gates," by Winifred F. Peck (7s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton) is a post-war novel that depends for its interest on its entire naturalness and its relation to present-day problems. Husband and wife—married on the verge of his departure to France—take up life together

after the Armistice to face the difficulties youth has had to face since 1918. Nerve-racked, workless, harassed by the house-shortage, these two drift apart, as others have done, and many a young couple will see in the story of the drifting a chronicle of their own struggles and disappointments. The long shadow of the war is thrown down the years, and the fate of Celia Hertford, her husband, her girlhood's lover, and her friend, Mabel Lowell, keep us intensely and unflaggingly interested. The characters are drawn with quite exceptional ability; the author has evidently a keen understanding of the ordinary man and woman—the ordinary man and woman who is such a queer mixture of greatness and littleness. "The Closing Gates" is an admirably written and poignant romance that will appeal strongly to those who have a taste for realism in fiction—healthy and vigorous realism, untainted with any hint of sordidness. It is a tale of the times, and one that will outlast the times.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

M. LEONORA EYLES.

THERE was a time—not so very long ago—when to sit in the waiting-room of a publisher was to me as painful as a visit to a conscientious dentist. But suddenly, in January, 1919, a book I had written got talked about and mightily abused, and I found myself the author of a *succes de scandale*. Publishers before whom it had been my custom to prostrate myself now became friendly; avariciously so. They held out arms of welcome. But I was already engaged to work for my generous friend, Mr. Grant Richards, and it was in Mr. Richards's waiting-room with its gay Phil May drawings that I met Mrs. Leonora Eyles, the author of "Margaret Protests" and "Captivity," the latter of which has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann.

That January afternoon three years ago stands out very clearly in my memory. Mrs. Eyles and I began to talk. She had written a novel, and as I drew her on to tell me about it I became aware that she was in a state of profound nervous agitation and apprehension, controlled resolutely by a stern, practised will. She believed in her book: it was packed with life, her own life. But Mr. Richards, having read the MS., had asked her to alter it, tone it down, and use her blue pencil, for it was the kind of story that describes the things that are allowed to happen in real life, but must not be presented to the world in print. She had done all that had been required of her by Mr. Richards, and had now called for his decision. I did not know then what I learned later—that, having no money, she had walked all the way to St. Martin's Street from Peckham, and was prepared to walk back again. Did I think Mr. Richards would take her book? If he did, how long would it be before it was published? And when it was published, would it be likely to get to the right people—the people whom it might help? She wanted so ardently to help the world, she said. So many people hadn't a chance. Children—tens of thousands of little mites—all helpless—women as well, driven down and down by circumstance—and men imprisoned in life somehow. Everybody was imprisoned. Life was hard, terrible, scarcely to be lived save by the brave. She so very much wanted to heal the wounded, support the sick. That was why her book had been written. It was part of herself—a close part—that she was giving to the world. *Did* I think Mr. Richards would accept the book? It mattered so much to her. . . .

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. M. Leonora Eyles.**

I looked into an eager, thin face and, though knowing nothing of her writing, felt that if she had not already written a fine and noble book she would probably do so some day. In answer to my questions she told me she had three children and that her husband was at home desperately ill and unlikely to recover. She won upon me with her nervousness, her humility and her pride. It is my way to be frank at the very outset; she returned frankness for frankness, confidence for confidence. But she was called away in the middle of a sentence, and I had only time to whisper "Good luck!" as she brushed past me.

I was older than Mrs. Eyles, and as she went into the inner room I was already condoling with her in my heart. In my early twenties I had written three full-length novels and had failed to find a publisher for one of them. I knew that the first novels of inexperienced writers were almost invariably rejected by one publisher after another. And I feared that her young eagerness, her desperate desire to serve, and her suppliant attitude towards fate were about to be

bruised and checked by circumstance. "But," said I to myself, "if she fails here, she will succeed elsewhere. It is only a matter of time. Let her endure a little more; she will eventually arrive."

She did. Six months later "Margaret Protests" was published, but not by Mr. Richards. When, quite recently, I asked Mr. Richards what precisely was his reason for refusing the book, he replied: "I don't quite know. The story was strong, it was desperately sincere, and it was original. But, Cumberland, you know how sensitive I am to handwriting, and how I accepted your 'Set Down in Malice' simply and solely because your handwriting is so beautiful. Well, Mrs. Eyles's novel was a startling performance, but her calligraphy was neither pleasing nor gracious." I looked at him in surprise. "But," I objected, "her book was typewritten; she always works straight on to the machine; and she invariably types all her letters." He smiled ruefully. "Yes, yes, I know. Are you coming out for lunch?"

Mrs. Eyles sent me an early copy of her book. I read half of it and felt appalled by the stark revelation of an underworld of which I had only hearsay knowledge. I remember closing the book at somewhere about the hundredth page and telling myself it was impossible to read more, so searing was the effect of what the writer had made me feel and see. Many vignettes had been burned into my brain by a mordant, unsparing acid. I could see terrible things. But I went back to "Margaret Protests," and finished it. With the entire story in my mind, I could regard it as a whole, and I recognised that in spite of some crudity, many errors, and much stark horror, the book was a thing of beauty. It had a soul. Something shone from it; it was lit up by an internal fire.

The book, it will be remembered, was widely discussed. Some of the libraries banned it. But it found its way to the right people, and by the "right people" I mean those who are brave enough to read of a side of life that is terrible and full of awe. Critics of high distinction gave it their praise. But here and there was silence. There always is silence here and there when a book of this kind, flaming and invincible, is published. Grinding poverty, base deeds, crime, hunger of body, starvation of soul, crippled faculties, wild agonies and desperate and despairing loves—these do not make "pleasant" reading when they are presented by a pen that spares nothing that the truth may be made known.

A year ago Mrs. Eyles sent me the manuscripts of her second and third novels; six months later came the manuscripts of her fourth, fifth and six books. Though only two of these have yet been issued—("Captivity" by Messrs. Heinemann and "The Woman in the Little House" by Mr. Grant Richards)—the publication of all the remainder has been arranged for. Six books in two years! And, in addition, some twenty pot-boiling novelettes, fifty or so newspaper articles, a few pamphlets on psycho-analysis, much verse, and a great amount of hack work of various descriptions.

Some litigation and disagreement—now happily settled—have postponed the publication of Mrs. Eyles's novels, but a copy of "Captivity" now lies before me. During the last three months I have read it thrice. Mrs. Eyles has frequently described it to me as "propaganda." She is wrong. It is a work of art. Like "Margaret Protests" much of it has been torn from her own life, but it has been fashioned with the utmost care; its proportions are admirable; its architecture is perfect. The dark, brooding opening blossoms out into scene after scene of struggle and pain, of wild hope and wilder despair; truth is sought and, after great effort, is found; and the book closes on a deep chord in which all the contradictions and discords of life are resolved, and in which joy and pain blend so miraculously that the listener knows not which is gladness and which is sorrow.

"Captivity" is a study of alcoholism—a study in which alcoholism is beaten. Alcoholism is shown to be not a "weakness" or a vice, but merely a disease. It is, of course, so regarded by all psychologists in these days; but the general public, confusing it with the occasional drunkenness of the self-indulgent drinker, looks upon its victims with scorn and contempt. Marcella marries Louis out of pity. In her psychology pity is so akin to love that the two are inseparable. The life of a woman married to a dipsomaniac whom she loves is more terrible than has been told in fiction. Mrs. Eyles touches comparatively lightly on the sufferings of Marcella; but she broods yearningly and pityingly over Louis.

It must not be imagined for a moment that we have here the old-fashioned (and usually very false) story of the bad, headstrong man rescued by the love of a devoted woman. Marcella is more doctor and nurse to Louis than a lover. When his alcoholism is cured she no longer loves him, for her pity has ebbed with his increasing health: he, able to stand alone, demands from her nothing more. Immersed in his medical studies in Edinburgh, he writes: "A man with a man's job to do can't have time for the softness of women about him." Each is happy living apart from the other. What then has bound them together? Nothing save Marcella's divine pity and Louis's dependence upon her for everything, even for the means of livelihood. Louis cured, Marcella is glad to die. Such a relationship continued throughout a long novel scarcely makes for romance of the sugary kind, and if anyone picks up "Captivity" in the expectation of finding all the dim lights and low whisperings and shadowy secrets of love, he will be bitterly disappointed. Nevertheless, the book is romantic through and through. It is the history of a soul and the romance is finely spiritual in spite of its multitudinous but necessary details of sordid materialism. The figure of Professor Kraill comes comet-like and lustrous into Marcella's life; her rejection of him is but another example of her inability to lose one of her ideals.

Mrs. Eyles's thesis is the old dauntless one so rarely displayed in modern art—that courage and faith are everything in life; that failure, though it come a thousand times, is never to be accepted as failure; that faith must shine serenely through all disasters: and that it is the endeavour, the aim, that counts and not the achievement. If ever there was a time when the world was in need of that gospel, that time is now.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

THE READER.

R. L. S. AND THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

By Hugh Rodger.

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson was preparing his "Record of a Family of Engineers," he made search into the history of his own forbears as far back as the seventeenth century, tracing them to the West of Scotland. In doing so he lighted upon a sound old Covenanter named John Stevenson, who left behind a quaintly-written piece of autobiography: "A Rare Soul-Strengthening and Comforting Cordial for Old and Young Christians."

John Stevenson fought at Bothwell Bridge, but outlived the "killing time" to tell his story of many a hairbreadth escape and weird adventure.

The possibility of some connection between "that eminently pious man" and R. L. S., best beloved of writing men and prince of vagabonds, is an interesting line of conjecture, which in turn tempts our investigation into other bonds of kindred between our master craftsman and the Covenanting writers.

N.P.G. **R. L. Stevenson.**

Sketch painted in one sitting by Sir W. Blake Richmond.

It is true that when he alludes to John Strevenson's booklet and transcribes some notable passages from it, R. L. S. comes to the conclusion with evident reluctance that this bearer of the family name who held high the banner of the Covenant was not a direct ascendant of his own. "John the land labourer," he says, "is the one living and memorable figure, and he alas! cannot be more than a mere collateral." Once more he makes the reluctant confession: "John the land labourer is debarred me, and I must relinquish from the trophies of my house his 'Rare Soul-strengthening and Comforting Cordial.'"

We gather from another source, however, that Stevenson did not give up all claim to connection with the Carrick Covenanter. In one of his letters to another namesake, J. Horne Stevenson, a trained genealogist, he writes: "Your information as to your own family is intensely interesting, and I should not much wonder but what you and we and old John Stevenson, land labourer in the parish of Dailly, came all of the same stock."

The final resting-place of "John the land labourer" is in Old Dailly Kirk-yard, a quiet little burial-ground that lies embosomed in the picturesque valley of the Girvan. It is overshadowed by venerable trees and bounded on one side by Penquhapple Burn, whose brown waters witness to its birth among the moorlands. The place is fragrant with Covenanting memories, like many another spot in that ancient kingdom of Carrick—from which, by the way, the Prince of Wales, as heir to the crown of Scotland, derives one of his titles.

This part of Ayrshire, lying to the south of the "bonnie Doon," is not only the region

> "Where Bruce once ruled his martial ranks
> And shook his Carrick spear,"

but the scene of memorable struggles centuries later which raged around the Covenant. Saunders Peden made this country-side ring with his prophetic voice, and other outlawed preachers held conventicles on its bare hill slopes or in secluded glens.

Old Dailly Kirk-yard, with its ivy-clad ruin, contains several memorials of the "Mountain men," whose bodies were laid here to rest in the dark, yeomen and peasants who yielded life itself "for their adherence to the word of God and the covenanted work of reformation." And, as if by way of contrast, this peaceful sleeping-place has reminders of things more modern. Affixed to the ruined building is a profile in bronze of William Bell Scott, author of "Poems of a Painter," whose dust lies in the vault near by. It was of him A. C. Swinburne wrote the lines:

> "Dead on the breast of the dying year,
> Poet and painter, our friend thrice dear
> For love of suns long set, for love
> Of song that sets not with sunset here."

But our attention is mainly arrested by the obelisk, with sword and Bible engraven on it, which has been raised by the people of the neighbourhood to the memory of John Stevenson. Doubtless that old Scots worthy would have been long since forgotten had he not written the sturdy little volume of some sixty pages, over which our stylist lingers with a love that cannot be hid. Its annals of the "various tentations, necessities and distresses" which befell the Covenanting Stevenson

XUM

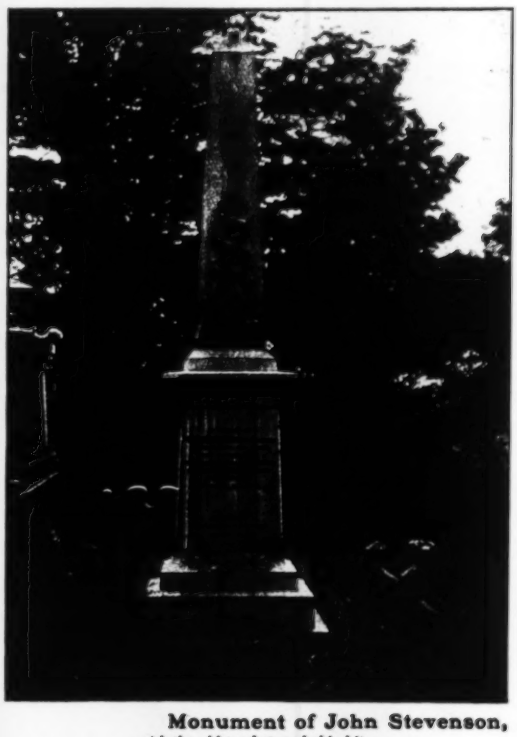
are charged with a wealth of human interest that will not easily die. Other thrilling adventures and experiences equal in wonder to those recorded in "A Family of Engineers" might be cited in plenty. Hardships patiently endured, escapes cleverly effected, ruses employed time and again to outwit the pursuing soldiers—all are narrated as if they were matters of everyday occurrence.

Old Dailly Kirk-yard.

It must be confessed that some of the tales told by honest John are coloured by more than a dash of the superstitious and the uncanny. Especially when they relate to his personal encounters with the Adversary, who to him was a most tangible and potent personality.

In one of his many fragments of realistic description John tells how on a certain occasion Satan sought to fright him from his prayers. First, a voice like the groaning of an aged man was heard on the other side of the hedge where no man could be, for over there was a great stank or pool; then came a roaring noise like the bellowing of a bull, and that very loud. The Enemy seemed to be skulking about the hedge toward the door of the summer-seat, still bellowing as he came. "After that," to use the Covenanter's own words, "he made a noise just like a mastive dog in great trouble. This was not so terrible to me as the other; I got some courage, and having a stick in my hand I resolved to stand still, to see if he appeared to me in any shape; but instead of that he went past into a place hard by full of nettles, and there groaned as formerly. I heard him very distinctly and composedly; yet I thought I would go in and think what could be the meaning of this dispensation."

There are weird stories also of what the Covenanter calls "some exercises of soul he had met with in his pilgrimage." These are mystic struggles and experiences which, explain them as we will, were certainly very real to him. And after making every allowance for the superstitions of his day, for occasional flights of fancy on his part, and for the undoubted possession of a romantic touch in narration, John Stevenson has striking instances to give of "remarkable providences he was trysted with, and many of them the return of prayer." Notwithstanding, too, his habits of introspection, carried to an almost morbid degree, some of the deep things of his religious life are depicted in a style which, with all its quaintness and artlessness, leaves a profound impression of reality.



Monument of John Stevenson,
with the old tombstone behind it.

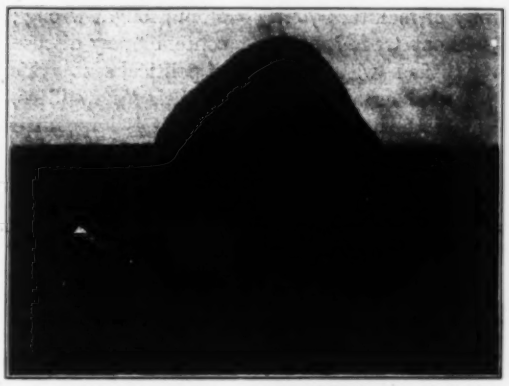
Now the interest displayed by Robert Louis Stevenson in his Carrick namesake is not due alone to the family surname nor to the possibility of a distant relationship; there is another and a more noteworthy reason. From his earliest days, when under the tutelage of his beloved "Cummie," young Stevenson's mind was imbued with the literature of the Covenant; and all through the wanderings that led him so far away, mentally as well as physically, from the influences of his "Covenanting childhood," a lurking fondness for such writings is continually cropping up. Alison Cunningham had early introduced him to "Wodrow's History" and "Peden's Life," to "The Cloud of Witnesses" and in all probability to "The Cameronian's Dream." It was the last-named sketch, written in rhyme by an Ayrshire shepherd, which, Stevenson himself confesses, made the most indelible impression on his fancy and first awakened in his heart the sentiment of romantic Scottish history.

But it might almost be claimed that such predilections were bred in the bone; for, apart from his father's ancestry, on his mother's side appears James Balfour, of St. Giles', and the possibility is not remote of a connection with the redoubtable John Balfour of Burley. And was it not at Colinton Manse that the imaginative boy found his golden age? In this vicinity, where the Covenanters had rested on the night before their defeat at Rullion Green, he had lived and acted many an old-time scene afresh. "I skulked in my favourite wilderness like a Cameronian of the killing time, and John Todd was my Claverhouse and his dogs my questing dragoons."

Stevenson may afterwards have been ashamed of his first appearance in print at barely sixteen years of age, but the significant fact remains that its topic was "The Pentland Rising: a Page of History—1666." And this had been preceded, so he tells us, by a bulky historical romance, "now

deleted from the world," on the self-same subject. Other reams of paper, to be doomed at last to the flames, were spent on "Rathillet," "The King's Pardon," and such-like themes.

The indebtedness of R. L. S. to the Covenanting writers has been pointed out by more than one of his critics and admirers. S. R. Crockett, for example, claimed that much of the keen incision and directness of Stevenson's style was due to his familiarity with Patrick Walker, the Cameronian pedlar, who wrote "Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. Alexander Peden." We learn on the same authority that when R. L. S. was taxed with the fact he responded unblushingly with "Well, you're another!"



"Peden's Pulpit" on the moor.

Dr. John Kelman has ventured so far as to assert that there is hardly a volume of Stevenson's which does not bear some traces of the romantic spell upon his mind of Scotland's Covenanting history. "Stevenson's books," he says, "are literally strewn with more or less conscious quotations and imitations of this literature." Or again: "Most of the peculiarities in the use of English which are apt to strike the reader as affectation are to be traced to this source."

But a testimony more arresting and fascinating still may be found in the author's own avowal. Toward the end of his career he wrote to his fellow-craftsman, J. M. Barrie:

"When I was a child, and indeed until I was nearly a man, I consistently read Covenanting books. Now that I am a grey-beard—or would be, if I could raise the beard—I have returned, and for weeks back have read little else but Wodrow, Walker, Shields, etc. Of course this is with the idea of a novel, but in the course of it I made a very curious discovery. I have been accustomed to hear refined and intelligent critics—those who know so much better what we are than we do ourselves—trace my literary descent from all sorts of people, including Addison, of whom I could never read a word. Well, laigh i' your lug, sir—the clue was found. My style is from the Covenanting writers. Take a particular case—the fondness for rhymes. I don't know of any English prose writer who rhymes except by accident, and then a stone had better be tied around his neck and himself cast into the sea. But my Covenanting buckies rhyme all the time—a beautiful example of the unconscious rhyme above referred to."

It may indeed seem a long remove from the stern Scottish Covenanters to the gay romantic novelist; from John Stevenson, sleeping in Old Dailly Kirk-yard, to "Tusitala," laid to rest on the summit of a Pacific peak; but at the very core of things there is a closer likeness than might be supposed. Although centuries of time and worlds of thought apart, the nearer one gets to the heart's life of these two Scotsmen, the more heroic is the character, the simpler and clearer the vision.

Even in far-away Samoa Stevenson's mind turned oftentimes to the land that gave him birth, and to the brave men of the past whose nobility he justly appraised, and whose works have left an impress on his own masterly style. In his pathetic exile he recalled the scenes that are so rich in memories of other days:

"Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant, wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and homes of the silent, vanished races,
And winds austere and pure."

PEACE AND COLONEL REPINGTON.*

By STEPHEN MCKENNA.

READERS of Colonel Repington's latest volume must not be misled by the date on the wrapper: "1919 to 1921." The first entry is in fact on January 8th, 1921; and the diary is a record of succeeding missions undertaken at the suggestion of Lord Burnham. "I felt the need of a wander-year," says the author, "in order to acquaint myself with the new personalities and new ideas which the great war-storm had thrown up to the surface of affairs in continental Europe." His missions took him, in the time of the world's greatest fermentation, to France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania and, on the assembling of the Washington Conference, to the United States. He met, almost without exception, all the leading ministers, envoys, soldiers, financiers and publicists in the countries visited; the "new ideas" were debated freely; and the diary contains a full, often a needlessly full, record of Colonel Repington's impressions of statesmen, states and state-craft.

The British are so well used to having their exchequer controlled by barristers and their admiralty by railway managers that they may feel little surprise at finding a military critic entrusted with the task of reporting on the peace conditions of Europe. Readers of "The First World War," however, may wish that this incomparable opportunity had been given to some one of less obviously limited vision. "Wrote an article on 'Trade or Victory'," Colonel Repington recorded on December 26th, 1915. "It will make the Radical Press howl. But after all, if you give the army men you get victory, and if you keep them back for trade you don't get victory, and then eventually get no trade. Victory gives all. Q. E. D." *Do* you get victory by giving the

* "After the War." By Lieut.-Colonel Charles A'Court Repington, C.M.G. 21s. (Constable.)

army men? Can you equip an army or maintain your exchanges or buy raw materials without trade? The man who writes himself down satisfied with such reasoning cannot expect to be regarded as a serious critic of politics or economics, two of the three chief subjects of study in this wander-year. The passage of time has brought neither wisdom of judgement nor temperance of speech. "Our politicians," Colonel Repington writes, March 12th, 1921, "have had one vitally serious domestic problem to settle in my lifetime, namely, Ireland, and they have completely failed in it for fifty years. Our army has had about fifty problems during the same period, and has solved them all. Of all the lower animals of creation the politician is the most ineffective." A course of military and political history would be a useful corrective to such wild generalizations.

Photo by Sport & General Agency. **Colonel Repington.**

Though Colonel Repington shews himself a master of condensation in packing so much prejudice and inaccuracy into so few words, he does not practise the same economy always. We are not spared a tribute to Sir Basil Zaharoff's cooking: "He has a special little dish made of transversely sliced bananas. They are cooked inside a *bainmarie* and kept constantly soaked by melted sugar poured over them. I hate bananas, but he made me try them. They were quite excellent"; and "the new personalities and new ideas which the great war-storm had thrown up" are veiled by a cloud of trifling details and irrevelant anecdotes. As in "The First World War" we have to struggle with such padding as "Went to lunch early with Lady Millicent Hawes, formerly the Duchess of Sutherland, and her new husband, Colonel Hawes, a very pleasant and nice-looking fellow. They both seem very happy." . . . With genial absence of reserve, one lady is exhibited to the public as "pretty and intelligent"; another as "a very nice girl with a real good heart." And this though we are told, March 6th, 1921, "One can bear almost anything except lack of taste."

When we are allowed to hear something of the new peace conditions in central and south-eastern Europe, the diary gives us the impressions of a trained and experienced observer; and these are likely to be of more permanent value than the endless conversations on international politics and finance. John Bright said of Grote that the worst of great thinkers was that they so often thought wrong; and the impartial reader of these contemporary discussions must be appalled by the lack of political sense which the "new personalities" betray in their "new ideas." On such a subject as reparations it is impossible to find, in 1921, one man among Colonel Repington's many interlocutors who comes as near to the reality of politics as Mr. Maynard Keynes when he published "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" in December, 1919.

For this reason, the new diary creates a sense of hopelessness and unreality. While the war was being fought, a military critic's running commentary on it related to decisions that were being taken, battles that were being lost or won and ministries that were falling day by day. With the coming of peace, there is much talk of what has happened, what is happening, what is going to happen; but there is little development in fact, and the history of the last three years, meagre and obscure though it seems by comparison with that of the war period, has so often falsified the predictions of the prophets. The world has moved from conference to conference, there have been occasional revolutions or restorations, plebiscites or *Putschs*; but the general effect is one of international stagnation, as though the world were waiting to be galvanized.

Underlying all military and political considerations, in reality dominating them, are questions of exchange, prices, indebtedness and labour, especially the reluctant return to work of war-weary men; with little more than a change of name, the conditions which Colonel Repington found in one country were reproduced in all. And the "new personalities" were alike in failing to put forth a new idea until President Harding issued his invitation to the Washington Conference. This is the last mission to be recorded in the diary; and we could have wished for a more thoughtful treatment of an assembly unique in the world's history if Mr. H. G. Wells had not already described it with so much imaginative enthusiasm in "Washington and the Hope of Peace."

It is inevitable that the record of so many journeyings should leave no room for such a picture of social life as was painted in "The First World War." This will not be resented by those who prefer their political and military criticism served separately from gossip about

luncheons and week-end parties, though it may disappoint those ambitious women who hoped to win immortality through inclusion in Colonel Repington's pages. Of "The First World War" he writes, May 20th, 1921, "A few old cats have squalled privately. How ungrateful, when twenty years hence they will mostly be dead, leaving no memory except in my pages and on a mouldy and neglected grave in some obscure churchyard." This tasteful phrasing from one who has already written, March 6th, 1921, "The war seems to have killed off every one except the vulgarians," must not be allowed to conceal the possibility that to some retiring spirits an obscure churchyard is preferable to unsought and unauthorized publicity.

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

(Continued.)

BY J. D. BERESFORD, ETHEL SIDGWICK, W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, J. E. BUCKROSE AND GILBERT FRANKAU.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draw your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

MR. J. D. BERESFORD:

In answer to your questions:

(1) I have occasionally taken living people and tried to represent them in my novels.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. J. D. Beresford.**

(2) In two cases my critics have praised characters "drawn from life," but on the whole I think that my imaginary people are more convincing both to myself and to my readers.

(3) Possibly Jacob Stahl. I know him better than any other. He, by the way, was an abstraction.

J. D. BERESFORD.

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK:

(1) If your question implies do I consciously paint portraits of actual persons—no, I have never done so but once, and then a very minor character. A character (being, of course, one of a scheme) must be born first—after that traits from a living person, or type of person, may be added. Or it may happen that a certain colour of individuality or outlook may be borrowed from life—that is the nearest I could ever approach to the "portrait" proper, which would hamper me extremely, as it would certainly throw out the scheme.

Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

(2) No—not nearly so real.

(3) My favourite is the hero of the next book to be written—or the heroine, never both. Unless I am actually writing, or preparing a sequel, when of course "present company" holds the field. I have of course a tender affection for early persons whom I printed: but I have given them away.

ETHEL SIDGWICK.

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM:

(1) I think as a rule my characters are suggested by some one I have known, but to say that I model them on definite living persons would be to exaggerate. I find that by the time I have finished with a character which has engaged my attention, very little is left of the original. It seems to me that very few persons stand so square on their own feet as to make them suitable for fiction.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

(2) I do not believe that such characters as I have modelled on actual persons are any more real to me than those I have devised out of my head for the purposes of my story. I do not see why they should be. On the contrary it seems to me that you will know more about a character that you have invented than you possibly can about one who is partially concealed from you by the stubbornness of fact.

(3) I think these two questions which you have put to me rather dull, but the third interests me, since on trying to answer it I have made a little discovery about myself which has given me a moment's surprise. When I look back upon the characters I have invented I find that I am less interested in those that play a leading part in my various novels than in the subsidiary ones. My recollection lingers with most pleasure on a youth called Gerald Vaudrey in "Mrs. Craddock" and on Thorpe Athelny in "Of Human Bondage." I think I liked them because they are gay, amusing and unscrupulous.

W. S. MAUGHAM.

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Mrs. J. E. Buckrose.

MRS. J. E. BUCKROSE:

(1) I have only modelled my characters on actual persons about twice in my life—once in the instance of a carrier and woman-preacher now dead, who could not read, but gathered from neighbours that I had been "making game on her." She was very angry until her minister—she was a noted Primitive Methodist—most kindly read the book aloud to her, when she expressed herself quite satisfied. As well she might be, for I had laid more stress on what I liked in her than on what was perhaps less admirable. She appears in an early novel of mine called "Voices."

The one other—so far as I know—is the character of Sim Dummeris in my new novel "A Knight Among Ladies." He did actually live in a remote country place where I used to stay a great deal when I was a little child, and as he has been gone twenty years, I felt I might employ my exact memories of him without hurting anyone.

(2) I could not say that the characters so modelled seem to me either more or less real than the wholly imaginary ones. Every single person who comes alive in my brain is as real to me as if I had actually encountered him or her in the flesh. I am not vain enough to assume that I always manage to convey this impression to others, of course; and there are naturally degrees of vitality among the children of my imagination, some doing as they like in spite of me, while others prove more obedient. But if they cease to live before I have done with them—as has happened—I am obliged to give up writing the book, for the simple reason that I have nothing more to say, however much I may try to continue.

(3) I am sorry not to be able to answer the third question, because as soon as I think to myself, "That is my favourite," I immediately remember another whom I love too—without any reference to their respective popularity. I can only suppose that it is the same sort of feeling that mothers have for their children, because I have a lingering and partial affection for the chief character in a little book—not a novel—which was the least liked by other people in general of anything I have written, and brought me neither money nor reviews.

J. E. BUCKROSE.

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU:

As I *never* model my characters but only the incidents which happen to them from life, the answer to your second query does not—as harassed Ministers say—arise.

Best of all characters in my books I like Aliette Brunton, but I could no more tell you why than any man could tell you why he falls in love with a woman.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. Mr. Gilbert Frankau.

GILBERT FRANKAU.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most ingenious short sentence made up entirely of the names of books, persons, places or things mentioned in the advertisement pages of this Number.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Muriel Garbutt, of 43, Victoria Street, St. Albans, for the following:

THE PRINCESS IN THE GARDEN.

A crown of gold they wrought for her
From sunbeams caught a-straying,
Two little shoes of silver
From the starlight in the dawn;

A silken gown they wove for her,
And then for her arraying
They threaded all the diamonds
From the dew upon the lawn.

The roses in their envying
Stood silent, and the swaying
Of the lilacs ceased, snapdragons
Held their trumpets for a breath;
The beetles in their jackets
Lay arrested in their preying,
While jessamine hung fainting
In a garden still as death.

And, as she walked, the grace of her
Enchanted them to weeping;
Her gentle mien, the tenderness
Transparent in her face;
And from the garden crevices
They craned towards her, peeping,
The fairies who had fashioned her
From out a mortal race.

We also select for printing:

THOUGH YOU ARE DEAD.

Life kisses all the buds to-day,
The rose's leaves are red
And warm and soft, like a young mouth,
Though you are dead.

That child has eyes like velvet bees
And this like starry skies;
Their cheeks and lips are flowers, their smiles
Are butterflies.

Each has a young bird in his throat,
Each has a shining head
That to his mother is the sun:
Though you are dead.

Oh, lay me in a darkened room—
I can no longer weep—
Let me forget all loveliness
And fall asleep.

(Julia Wickham Greenwood, The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain.)

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip,
whose new book, "What Next in Europe," has just been published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

THE GUEST.

Mr. Harvey O'Higgins,
whose new book, "From the Life," was published last month by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

There came one day a guest, a sudden guest,
To sit with me,
And sojourn in my house a certain while;
Oh! mystery
That at his coming all should cease to smile,
And with sad quickness do all his behest;
That silences should fall, and misery
Of words torn bleeding from a tortured breast.

And flowers were brought for him, flowers all of white,
As pure and fair
As the untouched first falling of the snow;
And everywhere
With him did awe and strait observance go,
Stillness and peace, and shadowing of the light;
For as some great one was he tended there—
Some lord of gloom and woe, silence and night.

Death was my guest; and ere he would depart,
And bid farewell
To this abode of unavailing tears,
He laid a spell
Of doom upon my house, my life, my years
Inexorcisible by any art;
And now I know, ah! me, I know too well
That Death being gone still dwells within my heart.

(A. J. Perman, Annandale, Merthyr Tydfil.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Egerton Calderwood (Leederville, West Australia), H. J. Strand (Seaton), Mrs. Hope (Southwold), C. A. Macartney (Vienna), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), B. Curtis Brown (London, S.W.), Emily Anderson Rowland (Montreal), Winnifred Tasker (Middleham), Gilbert Quin (London, N.), C. E. Askew (Tipton), A. Howarth (Port Elizabeth), Evelina San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), M. A. Granger (Golder's Green), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Alethea Chaplin (Hampstead), Amy Kartzmark (Hamilton, Ontario), Edith Robin (Jersey), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Arthur Crew Inman (Boston, Mass.), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Margaret Aldridge (Harrow), James Paton (Pietermaritzburg), John P. Jones (Bolton), Marjorie Harwood (Bushey), Irene Jennings (Windermere), Beatrice M. Hammond (South Hackney), George Churchill (Edinburgh), Alice E. Oldacre (Stoke-on-Trent), K. Douglas (Ipswich), Liam P. Clancy (Tufnell Park), Julian Romney (Stamford Hill), E. Hamilton Dicker (Bournemouth), Vivien Ford (Baldock), John R. Steydom (Cape Town), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), M. Foster (Travancore, South India), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), H. de Fleury (Tadworth), Florence Desbrow (Lincoln), William Allington (Sydenham), Phyllis Clark (West Kensington), Ella Rivers Noble (Walthamstow), Montague Beauchamp (Honor Oak Park), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to A. C. Marshall, of Oakleigh, Corstorphine, Edinburgh, for the following:

WHAT BECAME OF MR. DESMOND. By C. NINA BOYLE. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Still the wonder grew."
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village.*

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We also select for printing:

JANE JOURNEYS ON. By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL. (Appleton.)

"Where was her home?"

THOMAS HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs.*

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

THE PRACTICE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION (Coué Method). By HARRY BROOKS. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 4.

(E. Fraser Brown, Norton House, Coventry.)

MEMOIRS OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

SOUTHEY, *The Battle of Blenheim.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

UNDYING MUSIC. By L. G. MOBERLY. (Ward, Lock.)

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

TENNYSON, *The Brook.*

(E. P. M. Adams, 13, Soudan Road, Battersea Park, S.W.11.)

A JOURNEY IN IRELAND, 1921. By WILFRID EWART. (Putnams.)

"Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads* ("*Etiquette*").

(A. P. Pearson, 50, The Boulevard, Halifax.)

THE PROFITEERS. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"O the wild charge they made."

TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE for the most effective phrase or sentence ending any English novel or play is divided, and TWO NEW BOOKS each are awarded to Sidney Anderson, Restenneth, West Didsbury, and Dorothy Bowers, of Agincourt Square, Monmouth, both of whom sent the following:

. . . the shadows were creeping stealthily toward the setting sun. Presently Carter stood at his elbow again.

"The brig is beginning to forge ahead, sir," he said in a warning tone.

Lingard came out of his absorption with a deep tremor of his powerful frame like the shudder of an uprooted tree.

"How was the yacht heading when you lost sight of her?" he asked.

"South as near as possible," answered Carter. "Will you give me a course to steer for the night, sir?"

Lingard's lips trembled before he spoke, but his voice was calm.

"Steer north," he said.

Finis.

We specially commend the selections sent by Sidney J. Green (Leytonstone), Stanley Stokes (Exeter), A. G. McFadden (Bournemouth), James A. Richards (Tenby), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Miles March (Liverpool), K. M. Mills (Wanstead), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Mrs. W. R. Fraser (Dulwich), W. S. Little (Dublin), Gertrude L. Hallott (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

BRIONY. By CURTIS YORKE. (Hutchinson.)

The best thing about Briony is her name, which is pretty and uncommon. For the rest, she is a tiresome, vacillating egotist, drifting vaguely from one mode of living to another, proving herself equally incapable in each, yet always managing in some mysterious way to dress becomingly and expensively. In the end she marries the patient but plain-spoken Michael—a better lot than she deserves. This author takes the novel-writer's labours lightly but she has—perhaps unintentionally—drawn a certain type of modern girl with a good deal of truth.

We also select for printing:

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins.)

This brilliant short novel is a masterly exposure of the evils resulting from false ideas of self-sacrifice. Harriett Frean, brought up by her mid-Victorian parents always to "behave beautifully," allows the man who loves her to marry her friend, thereby not only impoverishing her own life, but also wrecking the happiness of three others. Of commonplace intellect, feeble passions and limited outlook, she is anything but an attractive heroine, but Miss Sinclair's genius has made the story of this old maid's drab life absorbingly interesting, from the first impressions of babyhood to her death, in old age, under an operation.

(Winifred M. Davies, 44, Loudoun Street, Derby.)

THE GARDEN PARTY. By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. (Constable.)

This volume of short stories, or rather sketches, is the work of a great artist. Her sympathetic insight goes right down to the hearts and minds of the people she writes about. Mr. Parker, Miss Brill, and all the characters, of every class, are alive and real. Miss Mansfield *knows* them, and in her own inimitable way describes their inmost thoughts and feelings. With a turn of a sentence you have a picture before you. There is not a word too much, not a word too little. Though one is sometimes intrigued to know "what happened next," they are Life.

(Lilian M. Belletti, Selwood Lodge, Stanwell.)

BLACK BEAUTY. By ANNA SEWELL. (Jarrolds.)

We extend a warm welcome to an old friend; the dress is new but the friend is unaltered; the fine old story enthrals the children of to-day as it did the boys and girls of yesterday. To read "Black Beauty" aloud is as much a pleasure for the "grown up" as for the youthful audience. The book is so excellent morally. Miss Sewell did untold good in the cause of the dumb friend of man. And never more than to-day, judging by our newspapers, did the lesson need learning that, "the righteous man is merciful to his beast."

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Joyce McGown Clark (Sunninghill), H. A. Bush (Bolton), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), John Clough (Minehead), N. Evans (Brixton), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport), Jean Kemp (Aberdeen), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), James A. Richards (Tenby), Beatrice Curtis Brown (London, S.W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), B. C. Hardy (Kensington), Anne M. Cook (Northampton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to H. W. Longbottom, 23, Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

THE CHRONICLES OF SIDNEY DARK:
FROM THE BEGINNING TO HIS BOOK ON H. G. WELLS.*

By LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

MUCH has been written about every aspect of the body, brain, soul, heart and mind of H. G. Wells. He is a small man who has cut a very big figure in the world, and his enemies are almost as numerous as his friends. In due time—but I hope remote—he will be the central figure of several strenuous biographies. It may be that he will illuminate us with his own personal story, which would be a whacking book. In any event Sidney Dark's "The Outline of Wells" will remain a permanent record of all that Wells's extraordinary mentality stands for.

The key-note of the book is given in Dark's flashing subtitle, "The Superman in the Street." Other supermen are weakened by their detachment from their fellows; this superman is at one with ordinary mortals: "Intellectually, of course, H. G. Wells is immensely superior to the common rut of men. He is a born leader and inspirer of men, but—this is the point of outstanding importance—he remains a man of like passions with ourselves. . . . He belongs, as Dickens belonged, to the English lower-middle class. He is an articulate man of the people. . . ."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Sidney Dark.

In a chapter of comparative criticism as sound as it is brilliant, Dark measures Wells with the greatest of his contemporaries—Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Arnold Bennett. He contrasts the philosophies of these men of letters, and emphasises the point that while the world's leading writers are artists consciously or subconsciously, Wells's proudest boast is that he is a journalist, and is only concerned with the raw stuff of life:

"He has a genius for story-telling, but his novels have two very obvious purposes. The first purpose is to demonstrate some futility, some inane wastefulness, some unnecessary limitation of happiness and development consequent on the conventions, the customs and the laws of contemporary life. Each of his considerable novels is a crusade, a demonstration of wicked folly at which both the humanist and the scientist in Wells equally revolt. But the Wells novels are more than the bashings of a crusader. They are chapters in an elaborate intellectual and spirited biography."

The analysis of what, to Mr. Dark, are Wells's seven best books, is a subtle and valuable one. "Love and Mr. Lewisham," "Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "Anne Veronica," "The History of Mr. Polly," "The New Machiavelli" and "Marriage" are dealt with in a really masterly way.

It is on that sheerly Dickensian book, "Mr. Polly," that our critic lavishes his most generous praise. His only condemnation of this richly human volume is an affirmation:

"The end is inconclusive. But so far as our knowledge goes, the end is always inconclusive. We most of us spend our time 'expecting something'! And for most of us, as for Mr. Polly, 'it doesn't happen.'"

In reference to Wells's fantastic romances, founded on scientific imagining, Dark rightly stresses the point that the writer was a prophet. The Great War was in many respects a fulfilment of his vision, although the aeroplane and the airship did not play the supreme part in the struggle that they certainly will play in the next war, if human folly allows that to occur.

Wells as historian, as theologian, as educationalist, as statesman are fully and deeply dealt with. This "Outline" of Sidney Dark's is full of substance. I venture to predict that the monograph will have a world-wide recognition in its concrete estimate of "the greatest intellectual force in the English-speaking world."

And now as to our critic himself. Many brilliant Fleet Street men are never known outside the Street; but Sidney Dark knows, and is known by, every one in journalism and literature. If he were not a writer he would be amply distinguished by his wit in conversation and as an after-dinner speaker. He is one of the half-dozen men in London who can be depended on for a brilliant speech in any emergency. He has none of the self-consciousness of the Englishman, which is accounted for by the fact that he is entirely Gallic in temperament and is of French descent. His earlier and more impressionable years were spent in Paris.

He joined the staff of the *Daily Mail* in 1899, contributing to it a famous feature in "Green-Room Gossip." Six months afterwards he blossomed into literary criticism with a column on "Books and Bookmen."

He left the *Mail* in 1901 to undertake publishing as managing director of the firm of Treherne and Company. and put some notable books to its credit.

The autumn of 1902 saw his return to daily journalism on the leader page of the *Daily Express*. For seventeen

* "The Outline of H. G. Wells." By Sidney Dark. 5s. (Parsons.)

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years he turned out leaders with the stamp of literature on them on every subject under the sun, and was as much at ease in foreign as in home politics. He was literary editor and ran the piquant gossip column, christened by him "Cabbages and Kings." He did the book reviews and the theatres and acted on big occasions as Special Correspondent, among other occasions at the Paris Peace Conference, after the truce with defeated Germany. Lord Riddell, who was commander-in-chief of the big newspaper battalions, was so much impressed by Dark's astuteness and ability as a journalist that he secured him for Sir George Newnes's publications. After that Dark became associate editor with Wilfred Whitten of that most popular of bookish weeklies, *John O'London's*.

Dark has the *flair* of a great editor, and every man who has served under him has benefited by his tutelage. He has an unerring "news sense" and a capacity of transmitting his enthusiasm invaluable in the director of a staff. He has much of Henley's quality without Henley's obsession that strong drink made for strong writing all round.

I have met journalists who considered Sidney Dark a lazy man. Their misjudgment was founded on the fact that Dark can do more in two hours than the average man can do in eight. At present he is turning out 20,000 words a week while conducting his editorial duties and having an occasional game of bridge at the Savage Club.

Dark, like H. G. Wells, deems it an honour to be a journalist, and is very impatient with people who talk about newspaper serfs. "The men who write criticism of books and plays and pictures and music in popular newspapers," he declared to me, "write their own opinions and not those of their editors. In the course of twenty years I have turned out articles by hundreds on these subjects, and never once in that time have I been directed what to say or what not to say. Fulminations against the 'Yellow Press' in that respect are arrant nonsense. Of course where leading articles are concerned a man must carry out the policy of his paper, and if his principles are opposed to those of his editor he should cease to write them. The general standard of writing in the press has not fallen but risen in the last decade."

I asked Dark what his views were as to the public's appreciation of literature, and he was emphatic in saying that the new public wanted the best reading:

"In my connection with *John O'London's Weekly*," he said, "I have had peculiar opportunities of feeling the pulse of the people, and my assured conviction is that they have a wonderfully sound judgment and are very quick to detect insincerity or shoddiness in those who write for them. The people of England have just discovered that in the literature of their land they have a great national possession, and they are determined not to let it go. I hope I will not be accused of high-browism when I say that it is the sacred duty of those engaged in literary journalism not to betray their trust."

And now I leave Sidney Dark as a newspaper man to consider him as a bookman. His first book, published in 1901, was "Stage Silhouettes," a series of fascinating studies of theatre folk. His first novel, "The Man Who Would Not Be King," a book comparable in wit with "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," appeared in 1912. It was dictated in a rush:

"I do not believe," said Dark, "in hard writing making easy reading. Speaking for myself, I find that my best work has been done at top speed. I fancy inspiration cools when one attempts to work too carefully. This may be sheer nonsense to more classical writers, but I wrote 'The Man Who Would Not Be King' to please myself."

The year 1912 also saw a critical appreciation of Thackeray; and four years later appeared a work very near to his soul in "The Glory That Is France," a eulogy of the French character and of the achievements of a race who have carried on the great traditions of the Rome of Cæsar and Augustus.

"Afraid," published in 1916, was a very poignant study of a subject treated by A. E. W. Mason from a different facet in "The Four Feathers." In the following year Dark issued a delightful monograph on Dickens He has a passion for the most English of all English novelists, not even excepting Fielding; and he states that whenever he lectures in any part of Great Britain, Charles Dickens and H. G. Wells are the literary figures who please his audiences best. In 1921 he published these lectures under the title of "Books and the Man." In the same year appeared "The Child's Book of France," a perfect model of historical simplicity.

"The Outline of Wells" is to be followed this year by "The Child's Book of England" and the official Life of the late Sir Arthur Pearson, under whom Dark served in the early years of the *Daily Express*.

Just a few words as to Dark the Man. He is one of those rare people endowed with such sympathy and understanding that he can never resist helping a lame dog over a stile. He has the curious belief that he is a cynic; but I fancy that he has to make desperate struggles against becoming a sentimentalist. Some years back he promised to write "The Memoirs of a Man of Forty." When he has a leisure week he probably will write it. It will be a much livelier and human document than Margot's.

MY OWN STORY.

By JACKSON GREGORY.

I DOUBT if you will find the tale on any library shelf to-day. The title was "Two Daggers," and the hero was Sir Herman, only son of Duke Astermain. I wrote it on idle afternoons at the old home ranch above San Luis Obispo, shortly after attaining the age of 7. And to this day I am fonder in some curious fashion of Sir Herman than of any other character in my repertory.

Mr. Jackson Gregory.

In later times I have had much trouble in selecting fictional surnames and Christian that satisfied me, but I never pitched on a name that gave me the same instant sense of patness that Sir Herman's did. Was he not the son of Duke Astermain? I seem to recognise in that name to-day a sententious ring subtly reminiscent of Alan Quatermain. I believe, in fact, that many of the more telling scenes were boldly borrowed from Sir Rider Haggard, and never returned. This was a little churlish, it must be admitted, when I owed him so much of youthful delight and, incidentally, the sheer joy in bookish possession which once gained can never be taken away from a chap. And what a joy!

I remember the tramp and the Barlow knife and the brown strapped book, all the attendant details of the matter, as plainly as if it were yesterday. Yet it was back of the beginning of the twentieth century, when paper covered copies of Conan Doyle, H. Rider Haggard and Rev. Sheldon enjoyed a very fair odour in society. Especially those dolled up in leather straps. No, not real leather. It was like this: The paper cover was stamped to look like russet leather with a pictured strap and buckle around it, just as neat and tidy and respectable as a Gladstone bag. And how comfortable in the hand! My brother owned a copy of "She"—mysterious, alluring title!—dressed up in the strapped jacket as dignified as a bishop. Of course, I had full liberty to read the book whenever I wanted to. But that wasn't like owning it. The feeling grew on me that I must have that book. At this juncture the tramp turned up. He worked a short time on the old ranch, and departing, left me a Barlow knife with a broken back-spring. I contrived to fix the blade so that it wouldn't flop, and it was the pride of my eye—that old Barlow. But one day I screwed up courage to trade it for "She." And that snug little book full of weird enchantments was mine—to keep! Great day! —Great Day in the Morning!

That was indeed the morning—the morning of life—and a wonderful place for a boy to spend the same was old San Luis Obispo county. After the death of my father, Judge Gregory, we left the old town of San Luis to move upon a ranch, thirty miles over the mountains. I remember, small fellow as I was, the great sense of adventure in driving out over the hills to this new wilderness life. I remember so well upon that trip meeting an old vagabond, who expressed a very simple and touching pleasure in meeting some of the Gregory family. It seemed that he had had some previous connection with them. Yes, with Judge Gregory, my father. The matter boiled down to this, that Judge Gregory had once upon a time sentenced him to San Quentin for horse stealing. He held no grudge—far from it. The sentence had been fair and square, and he had respected the judge; had even come to feel that he had an interesting and delightful connection with the family. Such was our welcome to the Pozo country.

There were no book stores in Pozo. Post office, blacksmith shop and two saloons were the outstanding equipment. But there was a book store back in San Luis town, kept by old man Ash, and this store was my Mecca. Those were nipping hard times on the ranch, after father's death, and when I had scraped together enough pennies to make a dime I felt very rich.

And why should I not, when it was the price of a paper book at Ash's? I never took any chances on wasting that dime. I browsed and nibbled and I suspect dog-eared the books before I selected just the right one. The book dealer recognised me as a real book lover and left me alone to browse. He thought that was the best way of treating my trouble, probably. Ideal book man!

I prided myself on never drawing a blank. But one day—seduced by the title "Utopia, or the Coming Race"—I packed home what I presumed to be the story of a great horse or boat race. A vast sickness entered my soul when I had read a page or two and realised that my dime was wasted—worse than wasted!

All of this time, I suppose, I was steeping in the atmosphere of that Never-never Land of the Great West. My mother told me stories of the earlier day, the day before yesterday, when, travelling on pleasure or business from Salinas to Santa Barbara, the family caravan would pitch camp for a night and the men kill a wandering cow and, taking as much meat as was needed, hang the hide and tallow on a tree. Nothing was wasted, nor was there a hint of trespass or stealing in this action. It was a convention of the country, where a magnificent liberality prevailed. Grandfather Hartnell's cattle could be levied on in the same way by other Arcadian travellers. Of course, there was a rough side to the life, but in the main people were fair and square, and it was this spirit of rugged fairness and generous helpfulness that made the Far West what it was—and still is.

I have travelled all over the California and Nevada country, and worked with every kind of ranching outfit, and always I have found the same largeness of romance, springing from the same ampleness of life. My favourite character then will be the man that embodies this great spirit to the very full, and for that character and that

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book I am holding in reserve this name—"The Californian." I feel that I have come the closest, so far, to this typical figure, in the man Mark King of "The Everlasting Whisper." I have tried to show in this last book the real western man, free from superficial and and neurotic encumbrance, the man with strength that springs from the soil—and from our western mountains of the Sierra.

The theme for the book came to us when Mrs. Gregory and I were making a trip through the French Meadows and Hellhole country a year or so ago. We started out from Soda Springs in Placer county, with two good horses, to make a wilderness circuit of 150 miles. Although it was early June as we struck down under the grim walls of Squaw Peak, Tinkers' Knob and Mount Mildred, the snow still covered the trail and somehow deceived us at the forking point. The wrong fork carried us down a branch of the upper American, and on the evening of the second day, just as dusk was piling up, we had our first mishap. My horse slipped and fell in fording a stream.

It was disaster to go on without him. So we fought in every way, with bare hands and lead rope, to get him out. It looked like a drowning case until I found, in feeling under water, that one leg had slid in beneath a submerged log that lay across the stream. It became our task to hack the log in two. When at last we had succeeded in getting the horse out, we were exhausted and ready for wild dreams—the delirious reviews of the day's struggle that plague you half the night long. It seemed that with each day our luck grew worse. Food ran short. The horses were starving on account of the snow blanketing the feed. Our own food ran short. It became a contest with hunger, to see which would win in an obstacle race to Five Lakes, from where the last lap would carry us to human help at Truckee.

One night, when we found ourselves shut in a dark gorge, where the river ran black and booming, we felt that we must find a ford for the animals and cross to the other side. I tied around my chest a rope, which Mrs. Gregory hung on to, while I struck out into the river. It was only the rope and her desperate pulling that saved me, for within a few steps I had plunged into a deep hole, over my head.

For a sense of absolute stark loneliness and impending tragedy commend me to a night in the depths of the Sierra, with the roar and boom of a mountain river baffling you, with food down to the last trickle of coffee and pinch of bacon, and shadowing walls two thousand feet high towering overhead. The last night at Five Lakes we had nothing but bacon grease to eat. The next day we travelled on aching and empty stomachs. The worst was over by then, however, and we had time to consider what such an experience would mean to anyone who had no mountaineering experience—to a fresh or tender and untried person—a woman or girl.

What a trial by mountain front and fear and loneliness that would be! And so came into being the conception of Gloria Gaynor, the petted and dainty San Francisco girl, subjected to this test of inherent character. Layer after layer of artificial wrapping would be torn off, and without support of friend or simplest comfort she would have to win through on some secret strength which she had never dreamed that she possessed. For even Mark King would seem to her less a friend that a part of the mysterious and monstrous dread that the mountains fastened upon her. And because she did have that spark of something enduring and courageous I found myself wondering toward the close of the book if Mark King were really my favourite and whether I hadn't grown to pin a good deal of faith and all that on Gloria. At any rate it lies between the two.

New Books.

WOMEN POETS.*

There are no regrettable omissions in Mr. Squire's anthology, save only Mrs. Charlotte Mew. It is certainly disappointing not to find any specimen of the writer whom Mr. Thomas Hardy ranks highest among contemporary poets, but perhaps this is due to difficulties about the copyright. Everything that could fairly go into this book has gone: and it is no fault of Mr. Squire's that it remains a remarkably thin volume and a remarkably poor one. The selections from the early writers are written in the sweet key customary in those centuries. There are the Scottish song writers and Joanna Baillie, who has not received the recognition which is her meed because we all unconsciously use the George Moore test of authors, and cannot believe that a woman with a name like that could write good poetry. There are the Brontës. There is—but how much more imprisoned, how much more parochial in her Victorian culture than the Brontës in their moorland parsonage!—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There is Christina Rossetti. There is Alice Meynell. There are our young moderns—the book ends hopefully enough with Sylvia Lynd. But pending the fulfilment of that hope the feminist societies should buy up all copies of this book and suppress them. It is exhaustive. And how shamefully it is outweighed by the Golden Treasury or the Oxford Book of English verse, anthologies confessedly inexhaustive!

It must be faced, the fact that poetic talent comes very rarely to any effective expression among women. Yet an intelligent visitor from another sphere, becoming acquainted with the nature of poetry and with human beings, would inevitably expect that women, with their greater faculty of being pleased by little things and imponderables, would write more and better poetry. The explanation lies perhaps in the unfortunate identity of the source of genius and the source of sexual attractiveness; vitality is the secret of both. This means that the women who are most fitted for the arts are the first to be called away to follow an occupation than which there is none more continuously prohibitive of the listening attitude of mind which is the necessary prelude to the creative process. It is true that there are women who can transcend this limitation laid on them by a calling which forbids solitude, but the source of their power to do so seems something inimical to poetry. One has only to read that superb letter in which George Eliot announces that young Mr. Cross has decided that he will find his full happiness "in dedicating his life to me" to see that the qualities that enabled her thus to lift off the yoke that usually lies on the shoulders of Eve are not those which would allow her to produce the equivalent of, say, "I wandered lonely as a cloud."

* "An Anthology of Women's Verse." Edited by Jack Collings Squire. (Oxford University Press.)

The two things are profoundly incompatible. Anyone who felt like George Eliot about Mr. Cross could not feel as Wordsworth did about the daffodils. It would seem difficult for a woman not to be either too much of a woman or too much of a man to write poetry.

Though their sex prevents most women from writing poetry, it certainly does give those who persist in doing so one admirable attribute. The verse in this volume has as its common quality an excellent modesty, a lack of pretentiousness that avoids the excess of rich phrase that burdens the idea. It might not be a bad thing if more poets were humbled like Christina Rossetti by being made to write at their washstands.

REBECCA WEST.

CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY.*

"The beautiful," declared the Goncourts, "is that which seems abominable to uneducated eyes." The poets in rebellion might do worse than employ these words as a retort against the hide-bound critic who sees nothing but ugliness in their free verse or polyphonic prose. "The sole excuse which a man can have for writing is to write down himself. He should create his own æsthetics—*and we must admit as many æsthetics as there are original minds.*" Remy de Gourmont, too, might be called on with the foregoing for the enlightenment of the conventional technician who denies the right of verse librists and "imagists" to experiment with what their opponents are pleased to call the "established" forms. Professor John Livingston Lowes, of Harvard University, upholder of the æsthetic conventions though he is, generally speaking, recognises not merely one's right to subpœna these axiomatic Frenchmen, but the truth of their utterance. And in one of the ablest expositions of how a poet works that has come from any professor for a generation, excepting only Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, he confesses to unfeigned delight in the revolt against conventionalism: his genial reception of these poetic Ishmaelites, self-exiled from Abraham's bosom, is accompanied by a particularly acute sizing-up of their general attitude. "I cannot put it more tersely," he says, "than in a superb remark of the equally insurgent Billy Sunday: 'They say I rub the fur the wrong way. *I* say, let the cats turn round!'"

Professor Lowes' book is made up of a series of eight lectures delivered by him a few years back in Boston, U.S.A., and this hospitality towards the avowed enemy of the academe, so uncommon in a professor, is emphasised in his fourth chapter warmly enough to be disarming. Readily, and with fine clarity, he submits that the business of words in prose is primarily to *state*, while in poetry it is rather and sometimes primarily to *suggest*; that the bare significance of words plays the larger part in prose, their association an essential and sometimes a major part in poetry; and that poetry may be poetry, and the loftiest at that, without employing the diction which we call poetic. If the imaginative energy is strong enough, almost no word can remain insoluble, and a flat denial of poetic possibilities in the case of any vocable whatsoever, is liable to disastrous refutation by a triumphant instance of the "poetising," as Goldsmith called it, of that very word. "Intrinsicate," for example, is a word we should rule out on general principles. And there it stands, superbly transfused in Cleopatra's invocation to the asp: "Come, thou mortal wretch, with thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate of life at once untie." Every word in the language is latent poetry; "the diction of poetry includes every word which poetry can use." It is poetry which through its energising influence gives to words poetic quality. It is not poetic diction which makes poetry.

* "Convention and Revolt in Poetry." By John Livingston Lowes. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)—"A Ballad of Corfe, and Other Poems." By Hugh Money-Coutts. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—"Smoke and Steel." By Carl Sandburg. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

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In the same broad, irresistible way, Professor Lowes disposes of metre in its strict sense and rhyme. Poetry is written for the ear, he reminds us, not for the eye, and if the poet can appeal to the *listener* with the same effect by other than rhyming or metrical methods, his work cannot be ruled out. But "if poetry is art, it must produce its effects through a medium which differentiates it, without divorcing it, from reality. . . . Abandon rhyme, and the lady (I am quoting Hamlet!) shall say her mind more freely. Will she, or he, however, say it with more beauty?" It is at this stage that Dr. Lowes joins issue with the insurgents. He cannot see that they are doing anything more than Meredith, Fiona Macleod, Henry James and Maurice Hewlett have done in their prose writings, if only we arrange their words with strict regard to their organic rhythm or the rhythm of the speaking voice:

"He was like a Tartar
Modelled by a Greek;
Supple
As the Scythian's bow,
Braced as the string!"

That, "one of a thousand Imagist poems incidental to each of the novels," is Meredith rearranged. And Professor Lowes is led by it into making his demand: Where is the specific difference between this and the verse of the modernist? Metre is gone. The cadences of *vers libre* are either the cadences of rhythmic prose such as the above, or they are not. If they are not, some difference should be obvious to the ear.

One turns eagerly from this exhilarating Harvard professor to the volumes of verse lying to our hand, chosen because at a first glance they would appear to represent the conventionalist and the modernist sufficiently well for their interpolation into the argument. Mr. Hugh Money-Coutts's interesting ballads seem to show that not only is one's attitude to the whole problem a temperamental affair, as Dr. Lowes hints, but one's choice of medium as well, and that no amount of reasoning will affect the poet himself. Mr. Money-Coutts has the qualities of a writer who is thoroughly happy in doing the conventional kind of work, entirely content, and who has written spontaneously. It would be as useless to ask why his "Ballad of Corfe" and "Freya's Wake" were not written as prose tales, as it would be to ask the author of "Smoke and Steel" why he has not employed conventional methods for at least one of the hundred and sixty pieces! Mr. Sandburg comes to us with a great and increasing American reputation, and "Smoke and Steel" is his third volume. Previously his poetry had been known to English readers by anthologised poems like "Cool Tombs," in which moving and beautiful words are mixed with the slang of the Yankee day: "When Abraham Lincoln was shovelled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs." So went the opening line; and since that piece was written Mr. Sandburg has had the kind of encouragement which tends to make the inclination to write as free as the *vers libre* itself. How far discipline is lacking in his poetry is another point which each reader, willy nilly, must decide for himself. Certainly the lack of encumbrance has taken him to the extremes of modernism. Industrial America, with its discords, brutalities, and tireless sweeping virility, has surely found no better nor bigger voice than his. We hear the ceaseless thrumming of dynamos, the air-slashing strokes of agricultural machinery, the harsh medley of work and talk among the labour-gangs ("people who must sing or die"), the pitiful moan of the down-and-out that assumes a significance as terrible as the silent laughter of the ever aloof and ever watchful Chicago itself. Mr. Sandburg sees everything in terms of humanity—"smoke and blood is the mix of steel." Not only is the five o'clock prairie sunset "a strong man going to sleep after a day in the cornfield"; but of all that tremendous confusion of modern commerce he is fascinated by nothing so much as the hands of its slaves—"O the great brave men, the silent little brave men, proud of their hands—clutching the knuckles of their fingers into fists ready for death and the dark, ready for life and the fight, the pay and the memories—O the men proud of their hands." He has moods of terrible bitterness:

"Gather the stars if you wish it so.
Gather the songs and keep them.
Gather the faces of women.
Gather for keeping years and years.
And then . . .
Loosen your hands, let go and say good-bye.
Let the stars and songs go.
Let the faces and years go.
Loosen your hands and say good-bye."

But there is often the tenderness without the bitterness—we note in passing how unafraid he is of trusting in the energising influence of his poetry to do all that is needful with a man's surname:

"Three violins are trying their hearts.
The piece is MacDowell's 'Wild Rose.'
And the time of the wild rose
And the leaves of the wild rose
And the dew-shot eyes of the wild rose
Sing in the air over three violins.
Somebody like you was in the heart of MacDowell.
Somebody like you is in three violins."

The effect of the third, fourth and fifth lines is such that we doubt if Professor Lowes would wish it to be aimed at in any more conventional way. We doubt also if even the less generous-minded of those whose demand is much sterner than his would deny the essential difference between the cadence of Mr. Sandburg's work in at least "Three Violins" and the cadence of rhythmic prose.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.*

Max Nordau is a milestone for some of us. It was in the days of our youth, in the distant early nineties, that he stirred us up to passionate belief or dissent with his volume called "Degeneration." Has any really young man of to-day read it? It was that popular thing, a denunciation of the age as decadent, its instances and proofs being drawn from the works of writers, painters, sculptors, musicians and so forth, who are now thought timidly old-fashioned or who have become (like Wagner) popular classics amusing a healthy mob of young people on Monday nights at the "Proms." Thus do the heresies of one generation become the gospels of the next. There was in "Degeneration" a sufficient quantity of half-truths to carry off the half-lies. There was enough use of big-sounding scientific neologisms to stampede the fathers of the young persons who now make themselves impressive by talking about Neuroses, Complexes, Suggestion and the Unconscious. Above all, it was written with a trenchant downrightness of manner, coupled with a Teutonic flourish of recondite allusions, that showed Nordau to be, indeed, no philosopher, but certainly a first-rate journalist. It is also necessary to add that in the early nineties the highbrows were as much impressed by anything German as the highbrows of the early nineteens by anything Russian. Hence "Degeneration" was the most talked-about book of its day; and it grew so tiresome that at last some one hired a hot-whiskered person named Bernard Shaw to answer it, which he did very thoroughly in a magazine article published in 1895, and since reprinted.

And now what do we see? Nordau's aged, aged face looks mildly at us from the pictured jacket of the present volume; his hot-whiskered antagonist has silvered into a venerable sage; and his eager young readers have become respectable elderly men marvelling at the goings-on of the young. One thing at least hasn't changed. Max Nordau may be thirty years older, but he is not thirty years duller. He still knows how to present a case in a bold, convincing manner. He is no more a philosopher now than he was then, but he hasn't forgotten the journalistic capacity of seeming to be one. In short, like

* "Morals and the Evolution of Man." By Max Nordau. Translated by Marie A. Lewenz, M.A. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

" Degeneration," his present volume is thoroughly readable and healthily provocative.

It begins by raising the age-long question, What is Morality? It passes in review all the definitions and demonstrates their insufficiency, and offers in their place not so much a definition as a description:

" Morality is not transcendental but immanent; it is a social phenomenon and restricted to the sphere of living beings. Its beginnings may be traced in animal societies; it is developed among mankind. The preliminary condition necessary for this development is the ability to visualise future happenings, since moral conduct is determined by estimating its effects and results, that is, by conceiving something in the future. Morality has a positive, concrete aim. It makes the existence of society possible, and this, given the circumstances obtaining on our planet, is the necessary condition for the preservation of each individual, and it originated from the instinct of self-preservation in the species. Its essence lies in consideration for one's neighbour, because without this the communal life of individuals, that is, a society, would be impossible."

From this as a starting-point the author proceeds to a spirited examination of modern social life, discussing the relations between Law and Morality, and showing clearly that Law is but a part of Morality, and only valid as far as it is a part of Morality. He then gives short shrift to those who have claimed to be above the Law because they represented politics or the State. We are none of us spared, from Italian Machiavelli and German Frederick the Great to modern English Jingo:

" . . . the English have coined the horrible phrase, 'My country, right or wrong,' a dictum which allows ruthless deceivers of the people and destroyers of their country to hide their most appalling misdeeds beneath the mask of patriotism and to disguise deeds worthy of a criminal in the habiliments of virtue."

Observe the conclusion; for presently Nordau passes on to deal faithfully with the patriots, from Hegel to Treitschke, who have set up an idol called The State for men to worship. The State, he says in effect (the paraphrase is our own), is the name a politician calls himself by when he wishes to do something wicked. Upon the *Realpolitikers* of the late Fatherland he falls very heavily, and he sets up against them and all their kind (they are here, remember, as well as in Germany) the great saying of Kant: " Man is his own aim and end, and must never be a mere means."

All this is not philosophy; it is elevated common sense; and, as expressed in Nordau's vigorous prose, it may be called the Higher Journalism, for there is nothing here that could not be contributed to the columns of an enlightened paper by an enlightened journalist, if we had them. Failing them, intelligent readers (who are much more numerous than newspaper magnates suppose) should turn to the volume itself, and we are sure they will find it stimulating and enjoyable.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

MAGIC, SYMBOL AND PHILOSOPHY.*

It would be hard to name another poet who has sought the magic of sheer poetry so assiduously, and rejected all else so strictly, as Mr. De La Mare; or in whose work there is so little of that residue which, as Verlaine said, is merely literature. To others magic has come at rare moments, unsought, perhaps in dreams—as " Kubla Khan " came to Coleridge; but its absence has not imposed silence on them. Pending plenary inspiration, they have been content to weave poetry round themes less intrinsically poetic. Mr. De La Mare has refused this compromise. If magic has not come to him—and has it ever come to him with quite that importunate insistence with which it came now and then to Shelley and Coleridge and Keats? —he has not sat by his fireside weaving homespun verse, but has ridden boldly questing into the forest of Broceliaunde.

There can be no question that this absolute temper has wrought for our delight. It has produced a body of poetry

* " The Veil, and Other Poems." By Walter De La Mare. 6s. (Constable.)—" In Time Like Glass." By W. J. Turner. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—" The Voice of the Ocean." By William Hope Hodgson. 2s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

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which is uniquely free from the dross which encumbers the work of nearly all other poets—with the irrelevant exception of the *petits maîtres* whose virtue resides in their exquisiteness. Mr. De La Mare is exquisite without being little. He is, one feels, almost too exquisite, at least too unrelentingly so.

> " Be not too wildly amorous of the far,
> Nor lure thy fantasy to its utmost scope,"

he writes; but he does not obey his own injunction. Sometimes he follows his dream very far indeed and, if not beyond his own, at any rate beyond our " utmost scope "; so that we tire in following him. We wish that he would rest by the way, and pluck a spray of the friendly hawthorn or listen to the song of familiar birds. But he is " crazed with the spell of far Arabia," and has ears only for the strange bird which sings " on the sole Arabian tree "; and, though his Arabia is not always a distant country, but may lie in the deepest depths of the near, the magic which he always finds at last is almost too esoteric for our comprehension. Its meaning eludes us; and since we know that it is true magic, for Mr. De La Mare will be content with nothing else, this distresses us. The magician's runes are too intricate to be read by the uninitiated.

But only sometimes. Often his spells give us full share in his enchantment. There are many such in his latest book, many poems of which the beauty and significance, if elusive, do not escape us. In some, as in that which gives its title to the volume, there is a rare and perfect simplicity; and in others a quality of intangible loveliness which belongs to music and is achieved by workers in the other arts hardly more often than the aloe blooms. In " The Moth," for example, and in many other poems the poet's concentration on his purpose and his uncompromising search for the evocative word, which sometimes defeat themselves by their intensity, are triumphantly justified.

In more than one way is Mr. W. J. Turner comparable with Mr. De La Mare. He also is an unsleeping intellectual adventurer and a lover of bright, pregnant words; and his quest is also after magic, the essential, mystical meaning of things. But both his mentality and his methods are different from Mr. De La Mare's. He is at once more human and less accessible. His interests are psychological but his mode of expression approaches the lapidary, if the word may be used of a style of writing which has as little in common as well may be with that of the inscriber of monuments. Where Mr. De La Mare evokes from his theme an atmosphere in which we are enveloped, if not always at ease, Mr. Turner's is a magnet which draws to it an aggregation of coloured crystals of imagery, through which we see it strangely refracted. He is a symbolist, and his symbols are always concrete. His tendency is to transmute the intangible to stone or metal, and it is very characteristic of him to see things which are mutable in space as changeless in time:

> " In Time like glass the stars are set,
> And seeming-fluttering butterflies
> Are fixèd fast in Time's glass net
> With mountains and with maids' bright eyes.
>
> " Above the cold Cordilleras hung
> The wingèd eagle and the Moon:
> The gold, snow-throated orchid sprung
> From gloom where peers the dark baboon:
>
> " The Himalayas' white, rapt brows;
> The jewel-eyed bear that threads their caves;
> The lush plains' lowing herds of cows;
> That Shadow entering human graves:
>
> " All these like stars in Time are set,
> They vanish but can never pass;
> The Sun that with them fades is yet
> Fast-fixed as they in Time like glass."

For Mr. Turner the souls of men are " rock-like," and clouds

> " Float like still, white stones
> Carved upon azure seas."

Though his symbols, like Mr. De La Mare's spells, are not always easy to interpret, this concreteness gives his poetry a peculiar beauty, shining and polychrome.

With Mr. Hope Hodgson we are in another world, the serious Victorian world of philosophical problems stated in verse. He reminds one of Tennyson and of John Davidson. In " The Voice of the Ocean " the sea holds converse, in smooth blank verse, with various souls in trouble, and has much to say on the large questions of God, life and death. The poem does not escape banality, and once or twice comes perilously near the ludicrous, but it has dignity and an intention which merits respect.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY *

Books about President Wilson make painful reading nowadays, and this warm-hearted panegyric by his secretary is no exception to the rule. One wonders what he would feel about it himself. He will not read it, Mr. Tumulty thinks. " Woodrow Wilson," he tells us in his preface, " prefers not to be written about. His enemies may, and of course will, say what they please, but he would like to have his friends hold their peace." In October, 1920, when Mr. Tumulty slipped away from his office at the White House shortly before the Presidential election and made a speech about him in a little Maryland town, President Wilson showed his displeasure; this was the only time in all the eleven years of their association that the secretary found his chief " distinctly cold." Knowing now the ex-President's feelings, and remembering " that he craves the silence from others which he imposes upon himself," Mr. Tumulty did not consult him about this book:

> " Yet I have felt that the book should be written," he continues, " because I am anxious that his contemporaries should know him as I have known him, not only as an individual but also as the advocate of a set of great ideas and as the leader of great movements. If I can picture him, even imperfectly, as I have found him to be, both in himself and in his relationship to important events, I must believe that the portrait will correct some curious misapprehensions about him."

The chief of these misapprehensions, he goes on to say, is the idea that President Wilson was " uniformly headstrong, impatient of advice, his mind hermetically closed to counsel from others." People who harbour this idea will undoubtedly be surprised to find from Mr. Tumulty's record how slight a basis there has been for it.

Mr. Tumulty writes for an American audience and his pages are marked by a good many quaint examples of what we in England call Yankee slang. Sometimes he makes his venerated chief talk a lingo which to English readers is curiously unattractive. " I know I can trust you to give me an exact size-up of the situation here," he reports the President as saying to him on his departure for Paris. There seems no reason to doubt that President Wilson is addicted to such language, and that in addressing his fellow-countrymen he employs a less dignified form of phraseology than might be expected. Here, for example, is a peroration to a speech delivered by him at the White House on February 28th, 1919, to the members of the Democratic National Committee—a speech, Mr. Tumulty says, not previously reported. President Wilson is dealing with certain opponents of his League of Nations scheme and he has said of them that " of all the blind and little provincial people, they are the littlest and most contemptible ":

> " Now I have sometimes a very cheering thought. On the fifth of March, 1921, I am going to begin to be a historian again instead of an active public man, and I am going to have the privilege of writing about these gentlemen without any restraints of propriety. The President, if my experience is a standard, is liable some day to burst by merely containing restrained gases. Anybody in the Senate or the House can say any abusive thing he likes about the President, but it shocks the propriety of the whole country if the President says what he thinks about

* " Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him." By Joseph P. Tumulty. 21s. (Heinemann.)

them. And that makes it very fortunate that the term of the President is limited because no President could stand it for a number of years. But when the lid is off I am going to resume my study of the dictionary to find adequate terms in which to describe the fatuity of these gentlemen with their poor little minds that never get anywhere, but run around in a circle and think they are going somewhere. I cannot express my contempt for their intelligence, but because I think I know the people of the United States, I can predict their future with absolute certainty. I am not concerned as to the ultimate outcome of this thing at all, not for a moment, but I am concerned that the outcome should be brought about immediately, just as promptly as possible. So my hope is that we will all put on our war-paint, not as Democrats but as Americans, get the true American pattern of war-paint and a real hatchet, and go on the war-path and get a collection of scalps that has never been excelled in the history of American warfare."

That does not sound to English ears a deliverance quite worthy of so exalted a personage, but it probably cheered and delighted its hearers and Mr. Tumulty evidently sees nothing amiss with it.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

Miss G. B. Stern,

Whose new novel, "The Room" (Chapman & Hall), is reviewed on page 100. From a drawing by D. Burroughes.

AN ODD TRIO.*

In his new book Mr. Leadbitter has taken a simple, everyday story of three strongly-contrasted people, and shown us the difficulties of their apparently—at least from an outside point of view—prosperous lives. Captain Inglis had been mate of a trading steamer in the South Seas when it sighted a yacht flying signals of distress. The yacht, which had a broken propeller-shaft, was taken in tow, and the first mate falling in love with the owner's daughter, they made a runaway match.

Marian was the result of this romance, a girl who, while taking after her mother's people, loved her father and spent most of the year with him. When it came to marriage, however, she chose one of the men whom she met on her visits, a man whom the sturdy old retired sea-captain could neither understand nor approve. Ivan Thorne, whom Mr. Leadbitter has drawn as the usual selfish, not over honest artist, was probably more attractive than we are allowed to know, or surely Marian, most feminine, most motherly of women, would not have loved, would not have continued, in spite of his tiresomeness, to love him. Captain Inglis, when he discovered Ivan was not only an artist, hoping to make money as a designer of house-interiors, but had a Russian mother—was, as he put it, "a dago"—did his best to disentangle prejudice from fact. This Ivan himself made difficult, for on his work as a designer petering out, he tried to start an Art Magazine, and to do so borrowed—without apparently any intention of repaying them—the old man's savings. He explained to his guileless wife that he had borrowed, not interest but capital, and left it at that. As Captain Inglis considered that he lived in order to safeguard his daughter's interests, and her scoundrel of a husband told him she was worried by their difficulties, he said nothing when Ivan made him no return on the loan, but let his house and reduced his expenditure as far as possible; in fact, further than his needs would allow. The result was an illness and the sending for Marian, who realising she had a duty towards her father as well as her husband, made the fatal mistake of taking the old man home to live with her. Her husband was doing so well that the borrowed money could easily have been returned, but no, she must make up to her father for all he had undergone. The book ends with Ivan making an unreasonable speech with regard to the dissonance that the old man's presence is causing, instead of trying to help matters by facing the difficulty and making a change. It is not easy to believe that Marian would not, as soon as she realised her mistake, have tried to rectify it, for as said before, she does really love her intolerable husband, and is a sensible woman. Mr. Leadbitter has given us an interesting problem to think over, and he keeps close to his story, the writing of which is clear and pleasant.

"The Prisoners of Hartling" is a contrast to 'Dead Reckoning," for here the style is of more importance than the story, and the author evidently prefers the fantastic to everyday life. An old rich man is shown as supporting in idleness his relatives, and getting bitter amusement from the fact that they are willing to be thus supported. He will keep them waiting as long as he can; he will even add new vampires to the number he has caged, and then he will leave his enormous wealth to the one worker among them—the daughter who keeps his house. Mr. Beresford gets slowly to work. A whole chapter is given up to explaining why the young doctor—a distant relative of old Garvice Kenyon—should go to stay at Hartling. Kenyon's reasons for inviting him are quickly made clear; he will add him to the collection of parasites, and it will amuse him to watch the young man deteriorating under temptation, the temptation of present luxury and a probable legacy. The story turns on Arthur's rescue. He falls in love with the old man's granddaughter, and lovers are the people who keep the world from stagnation. The psychology of that is true enough, but the behaviour of the horde of parasites leaves the reader more doubtful. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Beresford wanted them to behave as they did, and that they were kind enough to oblige, but if left to themselves would have behaved quite differently. However, here is a book which, if its writer seems to have held the pen with a tired hand, is yet limpidly written and finely constructed.

The titles of these three books have a melancholy sound, but "dead" in Mr. Leadbitter's has nothing to do with funerals and mourning, even though the last words of it are: "Marian put her hand to her throat in an extremity of anguish." The prisoners of Hartling, however, being enslaved by their greed are veritable victims, while as for "Disenchantment," well, it deserves its name. In the first place, being got up to look like a novel and its writer having a reputation as a stylist, the reader is a little disappointed to find no story but an essay; and gradually the essay, which is all it should be as far as its English and its thoughts are concerned, becomes a sermon. The discourse is on matters pertaining to the war, and the book shows how a film of disenchantment came over the fine spirits and the idealists concerned with it. The sermon has sixteen heads (or chapters), and concludes with recommendations which if pursued may be expected to improve matters. To those who like discourses of this sort the book can be confidently recommended—and, if church were my Sunday habit, Mr. Montague is certainly the preacher I would choose to sit under.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

* "Dead Reckoning." By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen & Unwin.)—"The Prisoners of Hartling." By J. D. Beresford. (Collins.)—"Disenchantment." By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus.)

XUM

ASPECTS AND IMPRESSIONS.*

The wide range of Mr. Gosse's interest is shown by this volume, which wanders pleasantly and with stimulation from George Eliot to Garnet Wolseley, with intermediate visits paid to such diverse personages as Congreve, the friends of Ibsen, Henry James, Madame de Rambouillet, J. J. Rousseau, M. Clemenceau, Samuel Butler, and the champion of the French classical reaction, François Malherbe. In the course of these peregrinations and discourses Mr. Gosse illuminates several topics of bookman's concern; for he has a shrewd and penetrating mind, searching the by-ways as well as the highways of literature, and is blessed with a style which only needs the element of playfulness to be pretty complete. Now and then he does indeed waver from his course of settled seriousness, as when he calls George Sand " that full-bosomed caryatid of romantic literature."

His most readable pages are the earliest—those devoted to George Eliot, Henry James and that unattractive dweller in Utopia (and Clifford's Inn) Samuel Butler. Mr. Gosse's views of these people, their work and personalities, are penned so vividly that without being ungrateful—rather by showing the sort of gratitude which asks for more—we wish he had devoted a full volume to English men and women drawn in equal clearness and similar vein; gathering within a separate cover the foreign studies, his particular province. Such a word-picture as the following is worth pages of normal commentary and character-drawing.

In '76 Mr. Gosse saw George Eliot driving with her adopted husband, G. H. Lewes—" hirsute, rugged, satyr-like ":

> " His companion was a large, thick-set sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the headgear had something pathetic and provincial about it."

Here is an unfading mental photograph; recognisably true, supplementing deliciously the impression, somehow attained, of that fairly representative Victorian—as a figure, strenuous even in repose, finely nasal, aloof, determined, conscious of the immortality in statuary marble which the adoration of her surroundings confidently promised her. Mr. Gosse's snapshot, in effect, warms and strengthens George Eliot's humanity; for obviously this lady of the ostrich feather clung to her femininity as does neither prophetess nor Victorian statue, and was unquestionably related to those warm persons, Mrs. Poyser and Maggie Tulliver. This, however, is to forget the purpose in the interest of the example. The point is that, following that vein, Mr. Gosse might have realised a portrait-gallery of the great Victorians almost as vivid as his " Father and Son."

The later pages of "Aspects and Impressions" more clearly reveal him as a constructive critic. His essays on Malherbe and the Hôtel de Rambouillet, with the very interesting account of the foundation of the French Academy, suggest several things; with incidentally, among them, the reasons why a similar institution, a British Academy, could have no real success in this country; for primarily it needs certain national characteristics, qualities, to work upon that generally are lacking here. Compare the possibly unconscious pride of the Frenchman in his speech, proved by the purity of expression and phrase of the ordinary citizen, with the frequent verbal slovenliness of the same sort of person here. " *Tout le monde descend!* " cries their railway porter, and one feels an instalment of the universe; whereas comparisons are—not patriotic. Lacking such inborn dignity to start with, a British Academy must be a wasted temple or a parody; especially as the English temperament does not lend itself happily to a congress of self-elected immortals. The Gallic temperament, however, exults in, and knows how to justify, uniforms and oratory, rhetoric, postures, and fuss. It is true that we have an Academy somewhere. It is no disgrace not to know who belongs to it; but it is safe to assert that it consists largely of professors, eager over the technicalities, with a sprinkling of poets who find its ceiling a useful sounding-board for trumpets.

But, as Mr. Gosse suggests, we need a standard to work by, if the mighty organ of the English language is to win triumphs worthy of the past which gave us Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan and the Bible. Such a standard is to be realised, not by artificial means—nice people handing one another wreaths and prizes and passing resolutions not to split the infinitive—but by a continuous glad revisiting of the pure wells of inspiration, consecrated by our fathers. Present day critics, especially, need constantly to refresh themselves at the immortal springs which flow from the delectable mountains, that their balance of judgment may be true. Style—a lucid, expressive, joyous and poetic style—that reflex of personality—or at any rate a dignified style—would be the first result of such revisiting; and so the insidious influence of a newspaper-press imitative of American methods might be combated, and most things readable give a delight after the pattern of this admirable book.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* " Aspects and Impressions." By Edmund Gosse, C.B. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

THE BOOK OF A SNOB.*

Mr. Stephen McKenna has spent some enjoyable hours creating the detestable. He has fashioned an almost perfect female monster of all the class distinctions and none of the humanities. Her name is Lady Ann Spenworth, and she is brilliantly insufferable. She indulges in a series of highly self-righteous monologues which, in their delicious inconsequence and their taste for epigram, give a coherent story of the post-war affairs of her family. That story is mainly made up of the love episode of Phyllida and her D.S.O. Colonel-cabdriver, and Lady Ann's own seething anxiety to save her unspeakable son, Will, from marrying a girl " whom he'll simply have to support all his life."

It is something more than clever of Mr. McKenna to have made this exquisitely unpleasant lady do her own scalping. To make her expose her tin-plate soul, her self-sufficiency, her social greed, her lust for interference, her utter callousness of anybody else's feelings save her own and her son's, in what is a solemn song of self-praise, is something of an achievement. Just a slip either way, and Lady Ann would have been unreal and inconsistent. That slip is never made. Lady Ann is complete and true in her splendid abominableness. She is as consistent and natural as her sterile nature will allow her to be.

That is because Mr. McKenna has made her anything but a fool. She has intelligence; she has the epigrammatic conversational attitude of her kind. She has a barren but captivating cleverness. To turn an unnecessary operation into a glory, and to use it to extract, or attempt to extract, settlements from the noble heads of her own and her husband's families for the sake of " my Will," who has an almost distinguished talent for idleness, is a gesture of almost Foreign Office diplomacy. To interfere between Phyllida and her Colonel, " a soldier only by the *accident* of the war "—again for the sake of Will—and to do it in such a way that the young man regards her as a wise friend (whatever Phyllida thinks) speaks of no mean gift in meanness.

Yes, she had brains, amusing and fascinating brains. The way she tackled the siren who proposed to elope with her own husband, is a triumph of the employment of plain marital facts against the impractical glamours of romance. To blunt young love with details of a husband's indigestion and his woollies was the act of a master mind. One feels that she was almost betrayed into a sense of humour there. But she wasn't. It was just cold nerve. And the situation

* " The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

needed it. "Until you have heard your husband described as 'Old Boy' by a half-naked chorus girl who is slowly bleeding him to death, you have not realised how highly your self-restraint may be tested. . . ."

It is not that she is entirely without a touch of humour. Mr. McKenna has so much of his own that he has been able to fit her out with enough to serve her situations. It is mainly disapproving, but even tartness is stimulating. It is attractive of her, for instance, to describe her world as one where you saw more *jeune fille* than clothes, or to say of the lordly heads of the family, "And those two men have an hereditary right. . . . Thank goodness, neither of them knows where the House of Lords *is*!" or to speak of the naturalised, "Plant an Erckmann in England and he comes up an Erskine," or even to express an opinion that "In London the *corps diplomatique* is more *diplomatique* than *corps*." She is full of quick, sharp things that she has heard from other people, or perhaps from Mr. McKenna, and they are sparkling things and they carry her tale on with a flow of amusement that relieves the tedium of herself.

She is a monster, but she is a vivid, entertaining and real monster. You can put her beside any of Thackeray's monumental snobs, and find that she is worthy of her niche in the gallery. In fact to this generation she will be more attractive, for she is modern and clear-cut and hard, and she concentrates her detestable doings into an easier and more compact narrative form. That is, many people will enjoy her as a good and interesting story, without realising that she is a social example.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

CROSBIE GARSTIN'S POEMS.*

There are fashions in poetry—in the clothing of thoughts as in the clothing of bodies—and the curious thing is that in poetry you are supposed to be unconventional if you follow the latest. Just now there is a prejudice against the display of too much facility in the handling of rhyme and metre. So many of our younger poets don't seem able to do it; they rhyme with evident difficulty, and their metrical efforts are as laboured as if they had to count every syllable on their fingers, and to evade this trouble some of them make a virtue of *vers libre*, which obscures their deficiencies as the crinoline used to conceal knock-kneed and bandy legs. But they are not satisfied to make a virtue of their necessity; they try to establish it as the last word in poetical art and would persuade us that they are conventional souls who refuse to be in the fashion with them. Noyes, they say, writes with great facility; he throws his rhymes and catches them as deftly as a juggler catches plates and knives; he works in a variety of metres as easily as if he were playing, and they deprecate this, believing that a true poet, if he must write in classical forms, should do it as woodenly and with as little aptitude as they do it themselves. Because he has so mastered the technique of his instrument that its use has become second nature to him, because his thoughts run in dancing shoes instead of in hobnailed boots, they say Noyes is light and trivial. They have said much the same of Kipling. And I expect they will say it of Crosbie Garstin.

For he is in the same tradition. But personally I do not think spontaneity in verse is without value—on the contrary, I would submit that the poet does not know his business if he cannot so control his medium that whatever he writes shall seem spontaneous even when it is not. And in that sense Mr. Garstin is a master of his art. The incurable *vers librist* might regard his "Callao" with æsthetic pain, but its tripping metre and catchy rhymes are in perfect harmony with its theme. It could not have been done so effectively in any other style. Free verse is an exquisite medium—but not for all ends. "Spanish Ledges," "Sea Lights," the war verse at the close, indeed nearly all the poems in the book, have that essential harmony between matter and manner, between idea and utterance, that is a sort of poetry in itself, and none has it so completely as "The Ballad of the *Royal Ann*." This is a vigorous, picturesque, riotous ballad of privateering—of how John Bassett gathered a motley crew at Bideford and set sail in the *Royal Ann* to sack treasure ships and the ports on the Spanish Main, and it tells the story of that wild enterprise with the simple directness, the stark realism and free use of vivid colloquialisms that the old balladists knew was the only way of getting all the poetry out of such a story. Fresh from plundering and burning a Spanish ship, they made a landing at San Marco by night, stabbed the guards, "caught the soldiers in their beds and made them sleep more sound," and ruthlessly looted the place:

> "The seamen sacked the magazines
> Of all their goodly store,
> They prised the flags for money-bags
> Beneath the bishop's floor.
> They left the rich without a stitch,
> Then tortured them for more."

They desecrated the cathedral; they stripped the jewels from the figure of the Virgin, and for this disaster lay in wait for them and death for the captain on their homeward voyage. The ballad has force and gusto, it smacks of the bluster of the sea and old buccaneering days, and of its kind (for there are many kinds of poetry and you cannot measure all by one standard) is a real and considerable achievement. Mr. Garstin has imagination; one or two of his songs have lighter graces, but his true Muse is no lady for at his best he sings of the rugged life of rough men and his lines are alive with the right masculine virility.

A.

* "The Ballad of the *Royal Ann*." By Crosbie Garstin. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Photo by Opie, Ltd., Penzance. **Mr. Crosbie Garstin.**

KING—OF KEARSARGE.*

In this book the publishers mention the names of some twenty-five other novels, by different authors, which they have given to a grateful world, but they do not tell us what would interest me much more—whether the author,

* "King—of Kearsarge." By Arthur O. Friel. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Mr. Arthur O. Friel, has himself written any other books. Because if he has I should like to read them. The cover suggests that it is a roaring tale of lumber-camps and saloons and snowshoes and pistols all mixed up together (with a lovely heroine for flavouring) in the approved style. But although snowshoes and lumbermen and pistols *are* mentioned, this is a much bigger thing than a simple tale of adventure. It is the story of a fine man whose soul's life was smashed into atoms by a worthless woman, and of how that man painfully collected the atoms and made with them a finer, stronger soul than before. If this sounds highfalutin I am sorry, for that is a crime of which Mr. Friel is never once guilty. He says many interesting and some very beautiful things in pleasantly simple words, and he contrives at the same time to give his readers a number of varied and exciting thrills.

There are some delightful characters in the book. King himself is not the least of them. Pansy is just sweet, as dainty as the flower which gives her name, albeit a healthy, capable little housewife too. And honest Joe, her father, with his dry humour, is delightful.

One of the great charms of Mr. Friel's writing is that his characters impress one as being natural human beings; they do and say just the things one feels they ought to do and say.

Whether you prefer a study in emotions or a good rough-and-tumble tale you will enjoy this book, for it is an unusually clever combination of the two.

F. D. G.

MR. BURGIN'S SECOND THOUGHTS.*

His last year's book of personal recollections, "Memoirs of a Clubman," had such a good reception that Mr. Burgin sat down to remember some more, and has written a second of the same kind which is even better than the first. This is a notable achievement; not many auto-biographers could have done it; but Mr. Burgin had by accident or design kept not a little of his best wine till last. In the latter part of his book he gossips pleasantly of a visit to Canada, particularly to the neighbourhood of Four Corners, which will be familiar to readers of some of the most delightful of his novels; gives an interesting account of his early adventures in Turkey and chronicles a recent visit to Holland and Belgium. But the first two thirds of the volume are occupied with reminiscences and anecdotes of his varied literary career, his opinions of books and writers, with glimpses of what he has seen of the hardships that young and old authors have endured at the beginnings and the ends of their careers.

The key-notes of this book, as of the other, are a buoyant humour and whimsical geniality. There is no lack of droll or farcical stories, but capital as some of these are, I am not sure that I do not prefer Mr. Burgin in his more serious moods—when he is recalling his memories of Tom Gallon, telling of "The Coming of Kipling," or, in the chapter on "Various Kinds of Authors," touching on some who have "dropped out," and giving that little sketch of one who, after a long run of success, lost his vogue, retired with a sympathetic wife into the country and, in the intervals of cultivating an apple orchard, presently wrote another novel and tactfully putting it out under a new name, repeated his former success and happily soon found himself making a new reputation. There is an excellent chapter too on "Books of Our Youth"; and a long one in which Stanley Weyman, Barry Pain, G. K. Chesterton, W. J. Locke, Miss Harraden, Leonard Merrick, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir A. Conan Doyle—some thirty famous authors are laid under contribution and confess how they began to write. Young writers will find not only amusement but a deal of helpful counsel in these Memoirs, for though Mr. Burgin is an incorrigible jester he has enjoyed a long intimacy with the literary world and its ways, and seasons his jests with the ripe worldly wisdom he has gathered from his experiences.

His recollections and reflections are so attractively miscellaneous, or his manner of relating them so entertaining that though I opened the book for no more than an hour's reading, I found myself sitting on and deciding to read one more chapter and one more until I had read them all. And generally Mr. Burgin is so deft and clear in saying what he means that I feel impelled to call attention to his one ambiguity. Discussing the stress and strain to which novelists are subjected, he says: "Crockett read each of his 13,000 books and Scott's novels every year, and rose at four o'clock after six hours' sleep. It is a wonder he lived as long as he did." More than a wonder, for if he did that amount of reading yearly he must have read forty books a day every day of his life, and yet found time to write a lot of his own. Perhaps a comma has dropped out and it is the printer who ought to go to the stake; anyhow, it is a very small fly in the good refreshment that is offered by Mr. Burgin in these interesting, amusing, wholly enjoyable pages.

F. H. L.

* "More Memoirs and Some Travels." By G. B. Burgin. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

NIGHTMARE.*

When the slow moving, slowly assimilating English public began to absorb a little Russian literature, it began suddenly to realise that there were people who were talking in a loud voice of a region of their minds which in England and, to a less extent, in France, it was not considered good form to talk about—the region peopled with fears, terrors, remote from love, ambition and need, where just anything might happen. After the Russians came Freud, chiefly through handbooks, and the dream world as it is, not as poets or the deliberately imaginative have seen it, is now regarded as a field for literature.

At ordinary times Miss Stern is objective enough. In "Children of No Man's Land" she dealt with love, the war, nationality, bombs, etc., and their emotional reverberations. But now the starting point is an unadmitted emotion, and Miss Stern deals with life as seen through a glass of unadmitted emotion. Hal, the adored successful schoolboy son, retains the extra pound given him by mistake over and above the value of the cheque he was cashing. Immediately the unadmitted feelings of the entire family burst into expression. Aunt Lavvy, the Dresden china, dainty old maid paying-guest, becomes vindictive through terror of being implicated in something not quite nice. She must tell the bank. The adoring sister, Nina, who had always assumed that loyalty was one of the things everybody is, falls away from him. Her adoration was toadying. The exasperation of the father at the continual presence of his son-in-law, at the ageing of his wife. All become brutally vocal. Only the two critical minds of the family turn to help him, and it is one of them, Ursula, who saves him, bribing Aunt Lavvy to hold her tongue by surrendering her own room—her cherished patch of privacy and dominion—to the old woman. The cloud passes, the situation is cheerful again, every one is reconciled, except that they all bear a secret grudge to Ursula, because she knows and will remember their unbelievably exposed moment.

That room represented something in Ursula's nature, a secret silent refuge unknown to the ebullient, susceptible husband she has acquired, who is too occupied with himself and his adventures so much as to suspect it is there. To preserve it she tries to bolt from him and take refuge in solitude. She does not achieve escape, because the man she is making use of to escape tells her bluntly she is merely shirking, and shouldering off the fatiguing job of her husband on to some one else: so she returns, and envies the departing rival her liberty and unsought secrets. All the accessory characters, the other members of the family, the gossiping, intriguing country neighbours, and Doug's irrepressible "blue lagoon" conversation, are shown with a sharpness and finish, refreshing in the rather super-subtle atmosphere of the story.

* "The Room." By G. B. Stern. 8s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Things We Are." By J. Middleton Murry. (Constable.) — "Sembal." By Gilbert Cannan. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Middleton Murry, in "The Things We Are," is walking in the realm of complete nightmare. His hero, Boston, cut off and lonely, has one friend who has one love, Felicia. When Felicia and Boston meet they fall in love, and the friend is left alone. That is all the action there is in the book, and it is quite inessential. The history is of the gusts and storms of loneliness breaking and receding. In the intervals appear his kind landlord and his wife, the bereaved mother who has lost her faith in God, and the provocative, pathetic little waitress. Boston has a memory of one happy time with his lovely young mother in Paris when he was a boy and young man. Her sudden death leaves him astray in the world, spiritually orphaned. He keeps turning back in his mind to those warm, loved days across the waste of his lonely manhood. In the end it is his friend who is left lonely. The whole method is modelled on Dostoievsky, exercised on an English subject: a very skilful and delicate treatment of the theme "the little cry Of my sad heart that will not live or die."

There is no "little cry" about the heart of "Sembal," by Mr. Gilbert Cannan. Some people might also observe there was very little heart. The story is an intense, embittered study of a clique, the groups hostile to the war. Sembal is a fierce, stubborn, intellectual Jew, rapacious for he hardly knows what; seeing life and facts in a hard, shadowless light; conscious first of an easy, joyless, intellectual supremacy, and then of exclusion, racial and class, solitary in opinion, while feeling crowded and cramped in the big group where he has elected to move. It is in the time of the war, but Sembal is wholly unaware of the grief or anxiety of war. His creator makes the astounding assertion that relatively few of the whole adult population were exposed to danger (it was, in fact, close on one-third). His only realities are figures and statistics, and his own furies and demands. Scattered about the narrative are allusions rather than portraits to real people, easily identifiable, which neither improve nor damage the book.

One has only to think of the vigorous but artless psychology of Thackeray or any of the Victorians to realise how nightmare these three writers are—and how novel writing has progressed.

L. MASTERMAN.

EARLY CHINESE POTTERY.*

Since the beginning of the present century collectors and students of art have become more and more interested in the art of early periods and primitive peoples. Many causes have contributed to this interest. There is, to begin with, the lure of the unknown; the later periods having been well-nigh exhaustively explored by previous scholarship, it is natural that students should turn eagerly to new fields which promise the spice of novelty and that speculative element that is peculiarly attractive to research. But it would be a grave error to imagine this preoccupation with the primitive to be essentially archæological. Many of us have become a little weary of the hyper sophistication which marks the art of later civilisations, and we find in primitive work a simplicity and rude nobility of feeling which is more refreshing to us than the elaborate execution of later days.

Obedient to this tendency, the devotees of Chinese ceramics have concentrated their attention during the last decade on the pottery of the early periods. Whereas the nineteenth century collector of Chinese wares was inclined to begin his collection with Ming pieces, the discriminating collectors of to-day show themselves most eager to secure pre-Ming examples. So remote is the beginning of pottery in China that the boldest historian would hesitate to give an exact date to the earliest known example, but excavation and newly accumulated material have added much to our knowledge during recent years, and Mr. Hetherington's book gives an admirable summary of what is known to-day about "the chief types of the ware produced during the long period extending from about 200 B.C.–A.D. 1368."

* "The Early Ceramic Wares of China." By A. L. Hetherington. 63s. (Benn Bros.)

The art history of China is too long to permit classification within narrow limits. European art can be chronologically arranged according to the reigns of kings and queens, and take its style from their names; Chinese art can only be tentatively arranged according to the dynasties that occupied the imperial throne. Any expert can detect the difference in style between the art of Louis XIV and Louis XV; in China the intervals are longer and we must content ourselves, if the analogy is permitted, with distinguishing between the style of the Merovingian and the Bourbon.

Mr. Hetherington's book, then, deals principally with the ceramics of three great early dynasties—the Han (206 B.C. to A.D. 25), the T'ang (A.D. 618 to 906) and the Sung (A.D. 960 to 1127). Among his illustrations, indeed, he includes some still earlier pieces belonging to the Chou Dynasty which reigned from 1122 to 255 B.C. About these it is difficult as yet to particularise. The art of the dynasty is known by its bronzes, and its pottery is rudimentary. The Chou vessels are simple in shape, made of hard grey clay, unglazed, and their embellishment is usually confined to hatching, cross-hatching and sometimes a lozenge-shaped pattern.

Bowing man.
Buff pottery painted in red and black pigments. 14 in. high. T'ang Dynasty.
In the possession of Mr. G. Eumozopoulos.
From "The Early Ceramic Wares of China" (Benn Bros.).

Glaze was first used in the Han dynasty when China first came into contact definitely with Western civilisation:

"Probably this intercourse gave rise to the use of glaze as a means of embellishing pottery and of making it non-porous. The colour of the glaze is generally green, usually of a deep tone; but many specimens exist in which the glaze is yellow or brown, and there are examples in which black glaze is found. . . . The typical Han pottery, however, consists of a darkish red or grey clay, with a green or brown glaze washed over it more or less completely to the base, and this glaze nearly always has a silvery iridescence to a greater or less extent."

The silver iridescence is due to the long burial of these pieces and the consequent decomposition of the lead glaze. Another accidental beauty of the Han pieces is the usual minute crazing of the glaze, also due to centuries of burial, and this should be carefully distinguished from the artificially produced "crackle" of the Sung and later potters.

Taking stock of our present resources, in an introduction to this volume, Mr. R. L. Hobson says:

"We have gone far with identifications of Han and T'ang pottery in a general way; but we have still to learn to particularise about the wares of these two long periods, and we must still admit ignorance of the four centuries which intervened between them."

Those four centuries must have been a time of wonderful experiment and research, for in the T'ang wares we find

a wide range, a power and an accomplished technique which leaves little to learn. Professor Fenollosa has expressed the view that "creative effort reached its highest plane in the T'ang dynasty," and the T'ang figure of a camel with its rider which, reproduced in colour, forms the frontispiece of this book, is a superb example of the assured mastery of the T'ang potters. Incidentally it may be noted that the 100 illustrations in this book—twelve of which are reproduced in colour—have been exceptionally well chosen. Mr. Hetherington has withstood the temptation to show the rarest and costliest examples in order that he may give the most typical specimens. These are drawn mostly from private collections and illustrate pieces which other collectors may still find not altogether beyond their reach. To do justice to Mr. Hetherington's commentary on the Sung and later wares, of which the classification, if still far from complete, is yet much further advanced, is altogether beyond the scope of this review. His book, alike for its admirable survey of early Chinese history and for its erudite analysis and appreciation of early Chinese ceramics, will be eagerly welcomed as a standard textbook of present-day knowledge of this fascinating subject.

FRANK RUTTER.

PEP, PATIENCE AND PENETRATION.*

Frank Crane, D.D., supplies the pep; E. C. M. the patience, which unfortunately he also demands in liberal measure from the reader; and Mr. Temple Thurston, sitting quietly at home, looks and reflects upon his surroundings until he penetrates to some of the immensities underneath important trifles.

The increasing popularity of the brief essay, for which many thanks first of all to Mr. Max Beerbohm, is a pleasant sign of the literary times. Employing those dangerous invidious labels for centuries, we may say that the eighteenth being the age of reason, the nineteenth that of romance, the twentieth century promises to be the age of inspired common sense born of the marriage of imagination and science. We are on the eve of a renaissance of ideas formulating themselves in a new philosophy of practical idealism. The essay is a medium for the transmission of ideas more pervasive than plays or novels because it reaches and may influence a big proportion of the writers who are also thinkers. To write clearly is to think clearly; to write delicately is to feel delicately; and to write easily as well as clearly and delicately is to be an artist in prose. Only Mr. Thurston deserves to be termed an artist among the authors of these books, though all three wrote with a similar aim, as the titles indicate. In the case of Mr. Thurston the reader should go direct to the book, find out what a wift is, and then discover what a wise, observant, humorous and warm-hearted essayist Mr. Temple Thurston has become. To do this will be to hope that he has abandoned the novel for a form better fitted to his reflective maturity.

Of the Doctor of Divinity's book one might confidently urge the reader (with apologies to *Answers*):

> "When you travel by the train,
> Stick to Crane might and main."

You won't find the author out if you read his book in moments of snatched attention, and you will find it much better than the newspaper: it is fine "copy." You will not notice his self-contradictions, nor the shallowness of his optimism. You will believe his more epigrammatic flourishes to be original and not Emerson written up—his borrowed wisdom to be proof of a clear, deep thinker. He says many true things with plenty of punch—plenty. But most of the things to be seen in "The Looking Glass," if scrutinised, prove to be breezy bunkum or American Victorianism—I mean the Victorianism which was proud of "progress," "national wealth" and "social amelioration." "I am glad," says this Doctor of Divinity, "I am alive and am living in these opening years of the twentieth century. For the present times are the greatest and best the world has ever seen." Do you ask why? Because we have more good food and water than ever. Better underwear, stockings and outer garments "than Richard Cœur de Lion or J. Cæsar ever dreamed of." And one can go round the world now "travelling as comfortably as if he were in a city hotel." Ah, but our author is a Democrat. He adds: "Above all this, it is the era of the common people." He looks over Europe (from his writing desk) and sees the common people "from East to West arising and smiting," and concludes that never before "was humbuggery more sure to be shot to pieces by ridicule, and the river of God flow so freely through the streets of the city. Thank God for now!" "Humbuggery" indeed!

"The Philosophy of Daily Life" is a bewildering book. The author is not of this age. His disregard of what the public, of what any section of the public wants, is sublime. He is so plainly sincere, earnest, anxious to examine the problems of the day without prejudice that it is a real disappointment to find in his book no gleam of humour or imagination, no clear conclusion that is not flat platitude, no common sense that is not a refusal to form any decision in the face of conflicting evidence. Several of his essays, notably that on "Woman," are distinctly amusing, but the author reveals no consciousness of the fact. His philosophy is all-embracing; it even touches upon baby language:

> "It is not, of course, meant that we are to eliminate all baby language," he says, "in favour of priggishly accurate terms, but it does appear that mothers and nurses are inclined to encourage the incorrect at the expense of the correct to a quite unnecessary extent. The general conclusion that may safely be drawn is that in cases where the usual word is as simple as the baby term the former should be encouraged."

What more remains to be said? "E. C. M." has quite a lot more to say on the subject and at the same fervent pitch.

But neither breeziness nor sincerity will suffice to transform a collection of sentences into an essay.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

* "The Looking-Glass." By Frank Crane, D.D. (Lane.)—"The Philosophy of Daily Life." By E. C. M. (Parsons.)—"The Eye of the Wift." By E. Temple Thurston. (Cassell.)

THE OXFORD SPIRIT.*

At the time when my own generation was approaching the end of its Oxford days, and the dark shadow of the schools loomed menacingly ahead of us, I remember some one saying that, if ever any man of our age had invited "the envy of the gods," that man was G. G. A. Murray of St. John's. All that Oxford had to offer seemed to have been poured into his lap by the deities of Isis. Almost every scholastic honour, the praise of listening senates at the Union, great personal popularity, all had been his as an undergraduate; and now he was "going down" to certain academic prosperity, with other domestic bounties added, which, in our own less fortunate cases, lay far ahead, if not for ever inaccessible. He was the spoiled child of the Oxford of our generation; but what he took from his Alma Mater he has, since those days, restored to her fourfold. It is difficult to think of any scholar of our time who is so typically the happy product of the Oxford inspiration. Let himself speak his own belief:

> "A scholar, I think, secures his freedom by keeping hold always of the past, aud treasuring up the best out of the past, so that in a present that may be angry or sordid he can call back memories of calm or of high passion, in a present that requires resignation or courage he can call back the spirit with which brave men long ago faced the same evils."

Τέτλαθι δὴ, κραδίη, καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης. There is the true spirit of scholarship, the very heart of the Oxford tradition. It is also the well-spring of the moving and stimulating volume of essays now under discussion.

* "Essays and Addresses." By Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Professor Murray discusses many subjects, and all with the same high spiritual faith in the soul of man and the destiny of humanity. The soul of man is eternal, in that it changes scarcely at all with the changes of time and fashion. The material surroundings of man, his social conditions, develop; but the heart that endures and hopes is the same to-day as in the day of Homer:

"There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively if not absolutely non-progressive and eternal, and the soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilisation, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul; and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up."

It is the failure to appreciate this spiritual significance of life which gives such a squalid appearance to half the political agitations of the age. As another, and a greater, son of Oxford never wearied of repeating: The British passion for machinery is for ever standing in the way of spiritual progress. "What is population but machinery? What is coal but machinery?" and so on. Yet, to listen to some orators, and to read many propagandists, you would imagine that the census and the cost of coal were the two most pregnant problems that face humanity. Nor does the danger lie merely in the worship of machinery in the mass; the worship of *local* machinery, so commonly confused with patriotism, is the most perilous of all hindrances to the cultivation of the scholarly, the Oxford attitude to life and thought. For a man must look outside his own country if he is to see any problem steadily and whole:

"There is also—not perhaps in every country, but in most countries of Europe, a small party which does not believe in the supranormal rights of its own countrymen, which values goodwill more than glory, and judges of national honour by standards approaching those by which it judges of personal honour; which believes in international morality, in the co-operation of nations for mutual help, in the ultimate fraternity of mankind.

"A poor and despised class these in every community—dreamers, sentimentalists, doctrinaires, hypocrites, traitors, 'friends of every country but their own'—they have at least one advantage over the ultra-patriots. It is an old rule of logic that 'truth by truth is never contradicted.'"

It is again this poor and despised class, "dreamers and sentimentalists" as the man of millions may call them, who preserve the Oxford spirit intact in the thick of the struggle to get rich quicker than any other nation of the world. We stand to-day at the outlet from an ordeal more bitter perhaps than the race of man has ever before been called upon to endure, and look back on a nightmare of horrors enacted in the sacred name of imperial preservation. The politician would say: "The Empire has emerged, shattered but unbroken; the end has justified the means." The scholar, on the contrary, can accept no such glib sophistry. Evil is evil, whatever its effect. An institution that is preserved by evil cannot have earned the right to survive:

"Suppose we were convinced by argument that all these actions were wise and necessary, and that violence and injustice of this sort are part of the natural machinery by which Empire is maintained; that the rule of the white man over the coloured man, the Christian over the 'heathen,' the civilised over the uncivilised, cannot be carried on except at the cost of these bloody incidents and the world-wide passion of hatred which they involve, I think the conclusion would be inevitable, not that such acts were right—for they cannot be right—but simply that humanity will not for very long endure the continuance of this form of World Order."

The pessimist under the force of such a conviction, is apt to throw up his hands and to protest that the cause of liberty and honour is irretrievably lost. But the scholar, the καλοκάγαθος, thinks more nobly of the soul of man, and finds present failure only an incentive to new and constructive effort. We have the power, he says, to build

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XUM

ourselves an empire broad-based upon integrity and truth; for the moment we seem to have lost the will, but we possessed it once, and in abundance. We ought to be able to win back to it again. There is a real desire for change of heart in the minds of millions. If it can only make itself heard above the babble of contending parties, above the noise of money-changers and the sellers of soiled doves, all may yet be well. "Brave men long ago faced the same evils," and overcame them. Shall we be feebler than our fathers?

To one reader at least of these stirring pages there has drifted back, across the mist of more than thirty years, the memory of an eloquent speaker, in a crowded Oxford debate, pleading for justice for Ireland, and for the burial of an age-old feud. The speaker that night was the essayist who now raises the same plea for the claim of the spirit in the ordering of this distracted world. The voice is the same; the hope is the same; the ardour of the enthusiast is scarcely even dimmed by the traffic of the years. The man who can keep that ardour bright, in the encircling gloom of our present discontents, may indeed be said still, and with a subtler interpretation, to have merited the envy of the gods.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Novel Notes.

THE CHRONICLES OF RODRIGUEZ. By Lord Dunsany. 9s. 6d. (Putnams.)

Lord Dunsany has found another style, a new field for his venturings and abilities. He has discovered something of the fantasy of "A Crock of Gold," something of Mr. Hewlett's "Brazenhead" swashbucklery; and has taken us wandering, picaresque. He still has something to learn to be completely successful in this new device and gear; but yet has written a book of imagination and pleasant extravagance which it does the heart good to meet. Some day, with humour more robust and a still greater mastery of the music of words, he will achieve something eminently memorable; but we may as well rejoice in the golden fruit in our hands without thirsting unduly for the riches that hang on the trees in the garden of dreams. Don Rodriguez Trinidad Fernandez Concepcion Henrique Maria, the Lord of Argento and Duke of Shadow Valley, lived, travelled, fought, achieved, married and, in the fullness of years, died, in the later period of the golden age of Spain, when there still were magicians and green-clad bowmen who came and went, into and out of visibility, at the sound of a shadowy horn. With an old sword and a mandolin Rodriguez set forth to discover the glory that lurks in war; and at once came to his most interesting experience. There is even a thrill in that night under the doubtful roof of the dark inn, when the landlord, with his poniard, like a spider descended and—did not live to tell the tale! The least convincing journey is the next, wherein Rodriguez visited spiritually the aerial spaces between the mountains of the sun, accompanied of course by Moraño of the militant frying-pan—for every Quixote must have his Sancho, and here was a Sancho better than many of the kind, though still but a shadow of the immortal original. The book grows in appeal and verbal beauty as it approaches the end; and in brief, for space is inexorable, may be praised heartily—for it is built of the true stuff of romance, and is especially welcome to a world generally comprised of boot-laces, omnibuses, head-lines, tea-cakes, policemen, umbrellas, and paving-stones.

Photo by Mendoza Galleries. **Mr. C. E. M. Joad.**

LIVING DUST. By Mrs. Henry Tippett. 8s. 6d. net. (John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Photo by Alinari. **Mrs. Henry Tippett.**

Mrs. Henry Tippett has resumed novel-writing after a long interval occasioned by the war, as Mr. William J. Locke, in his foreword, points out. For a writer those lost years mean much; it is almost like starting over again to discover a new public, and yet there are many who will recall her earlier works, "Life-Force," "The Green Girl," and will read "Living Dust" because of them. Mrs. Tippett writes with the sure touch of the mature novelist; her story in a manner resembles a sepia drawing, full of fine lights and shades, yet it is as poignantly vital as life itself. Michael Ford has had one romance in his life—coming only after marriage and after his legitimate wife has lost her reason and become the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Dorothea, the woman he has loved—now a handful of dust hidden away in a little casket—is still with him in spirit, and to her he dedicates his whole being, his dreams, his grey and solitary existence. Then flashes into his path a girl, another Dorothea, vivid with youth, buoyant, irresistible, and bent on securing his friendship. With her frank determination, her quick sympathy, the indefinable charm of her girlishness, she secures it. More than that, he finds in her affection some compensation for his loss; she brings back to him the Dorothea of the dear dead past. But his imbecile wife is yet alive; can he accept the sacrifice this second Dorothea would so willingly make, and snatch the happiness of his St. Martin's Summer? Mrs. Tippett, without waste of words and with delightful character drawing, brings us to this climax. The end of the story is dramatic and unexpected, and we can only say that we hope now the author has taken up her pen again, she will go on and give us more stories as good as this.

THE HIGHBROWS. By C. E. M. Joad. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Neither novel nor essay, this clever book is difficult to define in a single phrase. It is a satire upon modern "movements" of various kinds, held together upon a thread of incident, and given some coherence by the device of an imaginary hero whose experiences and conversations contain a slight but recognisable "plot." Young Pramp, this changeful, inquiring personage, is shown at Oxford sharing in a movement for the betterment of the town's rough boys; later he is a lamentable failure from the moral point of view in an East End of London University settlement. He passes through queer events when on holiday in Brittany, and his attachment to the "Mivians"—a thin disguise for the Fabians, obviously—is the occasion for the author's most brilliant pages. Many of the best points will be missed by readers who have not kept in touch with London's intellectual and quasi-intellectual coteries; but those who "know the ropes" have a treat in store. Mr. Joad is merciless; his fun is irresistible, but it has a sharp sting, and we imagine that there will be some blushes in secret and a few sore heads, metaphorically speaking, over his candid exposures of masculine and feminine followers of well-known sets. Yet there is nothing ill-natured in his work; it is healthy, invigorating, and above all full of sound common sense. And some of his epigrams and sudden jokes are the real thing—one has to put the book down and explode in laughter.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST. By Ben Travers. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

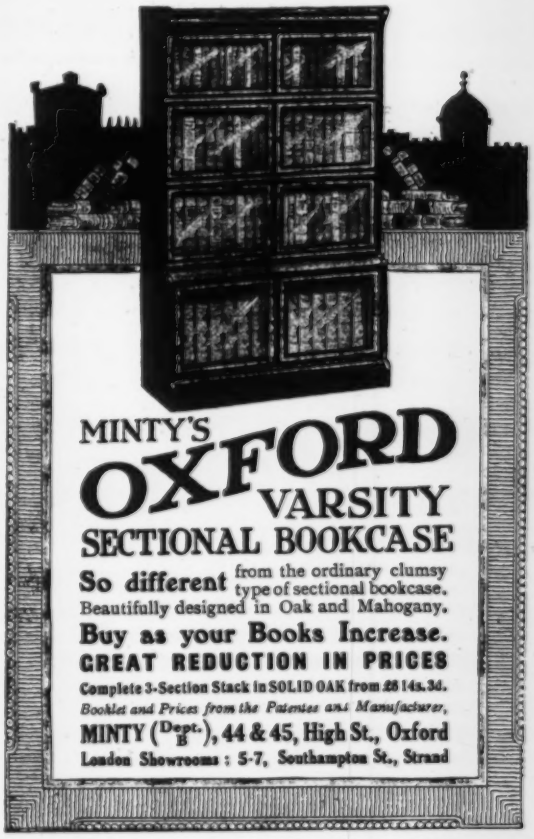
It does not follow because a man has written one humorous book that he can write another. We have been so often disappointed that we opened Mr. Travers's second prepared for the worst, but there was nothing to fear. "The Dippers" was the real thing: a genuinely funny farcical comedy that nobody with nothing the matter with him could read without laughing irrepressibly; and in "The Cuckoo in the Nest" he has done it again, and done it even better than before. The plot is too crowded with incident to be packed into any summary; besides, the humour and ingenuity of the story is not all in the plot—it is quite as much in the manner of its telling, in the dialogue, and especially in the characterisation. The fussy, absurd motor-bicycling parson, the Rev. Andrew Cathcart Sloley Sloley-Jones, is a delightful comic creation; so too are Sophia's mother, her repressed father, and the exasperating landlady of the "Stag and Hunt." The pivotal episode of the story is as extravagant, and in reckless hands might have been as risky, as anything in a French farce, but by making Peter a simple, decent muddler, in love with his wife, and Margaret as perfectly charming as she is unconventional and deeply in love with her large-minded, sensible husband, Mr. Travers not only completely saves the situation, but makes the whole thing nothing but matter for hearty and unlimited laughter. Cleverly contrived, deftly handled, the humour of the story is quaint, ridiculous, outrageously burlesque—call it what you will, it is all the best of good fun and keeps you amused and chuckling or laughing aloud till the last of its piquant, headlong complications has been successfully unravelled.

WHEN THE SUN STOOD STILL. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

"Although my vocation is that of a preacher and author," writes Dr. Brady in a foreword to this romance of ancient Jericho, "I was bred to the profession of arms and I have never lost my love for things naval and military. I have long projected an essay upon the soldiers of Scripture from Joshua to the Maccabees, but instead I chose to write this novel. . . ." And so absorbing did he find the subject that he tells us the novel wrote itself, and it is written with such power and imaginative realism that all the fascination he found in it is transferred to the reader. Opening with the escape of two Hebrew spies from Jericho, the story presents a vivid picture of Joshua's advance and the investment and fall of the city. One of the spies is a prince of the tribe of Benjamin, and his passion for a Hittite maiden provides an engrossing love theme. In writing a story round the terrific battles between Jehovah and Baal Mr. Brady has set himself no easy task, but he has evidently found it to his liking, and has acquitted himself remarkably well. A vigorous, picturesque romance that we can strongly recommend.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER. By Jackson Gregory. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The contrast between civilisation and the life of the wilds is a remarkably good theme for a clever writer, and as Mr. Jackson Gregory is one of the cleverest tellers of tales of the West he naturally has not overlooked its possibilities. "The Everlasting Whisper" is one of his best open-air stories. Mark King, adventurer and explorer, is on the trail of gold, and through a sudden series of emergencies he is compelled to take with him Gloria Gaynor, the daughter of one of his oldest friends, brought up in luxury. Gloria goes into the great adventure with much gusto at first, only to rebel and collapse as hardships begin to spoil the glamour. Of the struggle against nature's wildest aspects, the fight in the cave where the gold was hidden, the gradual breaking in of the sensitive, highly-strung girl, and the thrilling scenes which Mr. Gregory knows so well how to stage most effectively, we will say nothing, except that they are calculated to make any normal reader finish the book at a single reading. It is a worthy addition to the fine series of "Wild West" novels we owe to the same sure hand.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MAN AND MAID. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)

How cunningly, how admirably Mrs. Glyn caters for the suburbs! She thoroughly understands the lavish side of life, and the villa lady, in her cramped surroundings, is simply bound to relish this tale of wealthy Sir Nicholas Thormonde and his glorious Parisian flat. Nicholas is wounded, but his good looks, we feel certain, are bound to be restored. Our hopes are confirmed. And his love affairs have just that touch of naughtiness which the suburbs look on with a frightened interest. There is real romance here too. Nicholas loves his little secretary. Behind those ugly yellow spectacles of hers lie the most enchanting and aristocratic eyes. The two marry, in order that Nicholas may help Miss Sharp's poor relations! It is at first a marriage in name only. You may imagine with what delicate art Mrs. Glyn works the situation: two hearts bursting with love unspoken, the stiff little meals, the frigid good nights. "I utterly adore Alathea," muses Nicholas, "and yet—I am sure—with that mouth—if she loved me, she would be anything but cold." She surrenders prettily, and he murmurs "soul of mine!" in the true hero's way.

THE HAWK OF EGYPT. By Joan Conquest. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

As in her previous novels, Miss Joan Conquest weaves into "The Hawk of Egypt" the magic and mysticism, the fascinating, indefinable glamour of the East. The story is concerned with a beautiful English girl and the two men who are rivals for her love. The half-caste, with the East and West tragically blended in his nature, exercises a powerful influence over the innocent Damaris Hethencourt, though her real love is for the slow, stolid Britisher, Ben Kelham—Big Ben, as he is called, in deference to his six feet two inches. Piqued by jealousy, the girl turns to the half-caste for sympathy—and then comes the test of Ben's devotion. Is he great-hearted enough to forgive? Well, you must read Miss Conquest's stirring novel to find out. All the elements of a popular seller are combined in its two-hundred-and-fifty pages, and it is a sequel to "Desert Love," which has won the author a place among the most successful novelists of the day. To all who enjoy a story of tense dramatic interest, of the eternal triangle which lends itself to endless variations and will never grow stale so long as human nature survives, the book makes a strong appeal; and the vivid Egyptian setting gives it a peculiar charm.

THE VENEERINGS. By Sir Harry Johnston. 8s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Of all the stories Charles Dickens wrote, none appealed to me more than 'Our Mutual Friend,'" writes Sir Harry in his preface, "because it is the most modern in tone and setting." He adds that it was an irresistible temptation to him to develop the careers of John Harmon and Bella, of Sophronia and Alfred Lammle. He has done so in the most excellent fashion, imagining fresh people drawn into the orbits of the original characters, preserving throughout that sense of leisurely calm so essential to Dickens. Sir Harry loves telling a story; enjoys describing large families, and excels in the art of reproducing correspondence. The letters of Hetty Veneering—circling round her domestic hopes and sorrows—are so natural that they might be real. Again, in painting Mervyn's journeys abroad, the author displays his vast knowledge of animal, insect and plant life. We like his blessing on the Bean tribe! The book will attract the middle-aged particularly, but is well able to challenge the interest of young folk. It has a fascination all its own.

KATE CURLEW. By Christine Orr. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Kate Curlew" is a powerful story of love and life in the Pentland country. The author's sympathetic insight into human nature has enabled her to draw her characters with no uncertain strokes; they are virile, real people she pictures for us. Our interest is quickly aroused as we sense the atmosphere which surrounds the tragic inmates of the Manse of Flotterstane. We find them at the commencement in agonised prayer—craving protection from the violent storm raging without. Isabella, the younger daughter of the house, is shuddering. "Her hands were damp with sweat, and there was terror in her mind of what she might see in the corners of the room if she looked round. She believed, as surely as the praying man, that Satan himself was dancing on the slates and shouting in the storm, that he was out that evening for waylaying of saints and the snaring of souls, and that the little company in the room might exorcise and overcome him if they wrestled in prayer with sufficient faithfulness. The servant-girl, whimpering on her knees by the door, believed it too." The author makes all these ridiculous fears quite convincing; the religious fanaticism of the minister grips the imagination—he is a terrible and impressive character, and there is a more than touch of poetic justice about his dreadful end. Kate Curlew, his elder daughter, comes back home after five years abroad, on the stormy night when the exorcising of the devil is taking place. The religious tangle she finds for her fingers to unknot, and the lover she finds in the man who has quixotically become engaged to her sister, bring out her strong, keen-witted character in sharp contrast to that of the fear-ridden and weak Isabella. Around these two girls in the weird and lonely manse the story centres: a story that reminds us in its fierce, emotional strength and tragedy of "Wuthering Heights." It is a book that should not be missed by those on the look-out for the books that count.

The Bookman's Table.

WORKING NORTH FROM PATAGONIA. By Harry A. Franck. 25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In one of Mr. Franck's previous books we were taken along the terrible Andes. Like some dauntless insect making its way, regardless of unplumbed chasms, down the backbone of a vast monster, so Mr. Franck seemed imperturbably to follow his star and incidentally to provide us a vast entertainment. So far as I remember his object was no other than to study the environment in which those strange fauna, human and otherwise, have their being. In this new volume he leads us, with many digressions, up the eastern side of South America; but now he has an additional purpose—that of introducing to the natives the so-called "Kinetophone" or "talking moving-picture," which Edison had recently invented. When the offer to associate himself with this enterprise is made by one Linton, a fellow-countryman, to the author he does not receive it with great enthusiasm, although he happens, down in Brazil, to be in very low water. "I have a serious problem on my hands, too," he answers, "and that is how to get back to the U.S.A. early enough this fall to join in an important coon hunt." But eventually the negotiations are concluded and, knowing our Mr. Franck as we do, we are not surprised when he sets out to tell us of all the difficulties involved in getting the outfit through the customs and to give an interesting and humorous account of how other commodities are brought into the country. The Brazilians, he tells us, have no word for bribery; they use the expression *comer* (to eat). A merchant who has been forced to pay full legal duty on a bill of goods asks his *despachante* (the agent) anxiously, referring to the strict new customs official who passed on it, "*Elle já come?*" To which, perhaps, comes the sad answer, "*Nãs, ainda nãs come*" (He doesn't eat—yet). A few weeks later the merchant sends the honest man a few bottles of perfumery or some equally welcome present. If he sends them back, he is not yet "ripe." But at length word goes round, "*Já come*" (Now he eats), and the merchants whose goods pass through his hands heave a sigh of relief. . . . There is no part of this long book to which we can turn without being compelled to read on and on; verily Mr. Franck has as much the eye for the picturesque as is possessed by his excellent camera, and we constantly feel that we are gathering information which few professors of that great school, the world, could place before us more alluringly.

Title-page Vignette.
Drawn by J. Walter West, R.W.S.
From "Nicholas the Weaver" (Swarthmore Press).

NICHOLAS THE WEAVER. By Maude Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

The title story in this volume of short stories tells of a Roundhead soldier, Nicholas Pennifold, released from service on the return of the banished Charles II. Nicholas is a Yorkshireman and a clever weaver by trade, and when he finds by letter that his widowed mother is dead and that his crafty cousin Jonas has married the stepsister to whom Nicholas was hastening, and annexed farm and stock and looms, sick at heart Nicholas lingers in Sussex instead of continuing his journey, and there falling in with a friendly family he in time becomes as one of them, and finally finds happiness in the Quaker religion and the love of a daughter of the family. The ten tales in the book make no pretence of being anything but simple records based on fact. The periods range from Restoration times down to eighteen seventy-five, and all deal with phases of Quaker life. Real persons are introduced into the stories such as Elizabeth Fry, Hannah More and William Tuke, and the simple artlessness of the writing, the sincerity, and the first-hand knowledge revealed give the book a value and interest of its own.

COSMIC VISION. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d. (R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

As an authority upon beautiful printing, and on the great Arts and Crafts movement in general, Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson has few rivals. In this finely produced book he tells the story of the Doves Bindery and the Doves Press briefly, and to some extent explains his ideas on printing, on handicraft and on life in a world which we feel is not yet ripe for his peaceful revolutions. We say "to some extent," for the plain fact is that the author is not very good at explaining his ideas when it comes to philosophy instead of practical handicraft. His head is among the clouds and the effect of his many "I believes" at the close of his expositions is bewildering. "I believe in Day and Night . . . in the Innumerable and Infinitely Distant Stars . . . that as the Earth turns upon itself we pass into the Light and wake to Life and die downwards into Darkness and the Sleep of Rest, and that we are One in Life and Sleep with the Earth's Self." And so on. It reminds us of the palmy days of the "New Thought" movement, with its facile word-spinning. Fortunately there is the other aspect of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and for that we are most heartily grateful. On his set subject of printing, the combination of every resource of typefounder and block-maker to make the perfectly beautiful and balanced page, he speaks as one with authority. We could have done with a great deal more of this in the present volume. If the author would only be human and humorous and give us reminiscences and personal experiences instead of pseudo-philosophy—which leaves little impression except that of a sea of sounding words—we should place his written word much more highly.

THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY OF LONDON. By Herbert Reynolds. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

This volume is a handbook and guide to the City churches. Its appeal is hardly to the architect or antiquarian, but rather to the general public. The author voices the feelings of all to whom the City churches are a matter of pride in making an earnest plea for their preservation. We have long realised the danger threatening these valuable examples of famous architects of a great architectural epoch, preserving to us such a wealth of historical association. With their destruction the recollection of many illustrious personages and notable events will be banished to the remote fields of tradition and fable whence but faint echoes penetrate to the hastening passer-by. The conditions of this materialistic age insist that everything non-productive must go. The churches unfortunately come under this condemnation. The population of the City has so receded to the outskirts that they no longer fulfil their destined spiritual purpose, and in a measure they have become shrines for the antiquarian. But surely we cannot admit justification for the removal of one of these churches, most of them built after the Great Fire at a time of dire impoverishment. They are the objects of self-sacrifice far greater than any now called for in their retention. Therefore any volume which tends to sustain interest in the City churches is welcome. In the short account of each of the fifty-six churches is contained a brief description, and some interesting references to famous personages connected with it in the days when business premises and residence were combined. A special tribute is due to the inspired "mental cinema," reviewing the noble history of St. Paul's Cathedral, with which the author ends his book. Realising that the tower is a beacon which guides the votary to the shrine he seeks, the author has provided sketches indicating the design.

Music.

THE ENGLISH MADRIGAL: A TALK WITH MR. KENNEDY SCOTT.

BY J. P. COLLINS.

THE revival of the English madrigal must rank as one of the promising symptoms of our time. To their lasting discredit our ancestors allowed a great school of achievement to die away and be forgotten, and those concerned in reviving it believe that the school of the English madrigal was as notable in its degree as the Tudor drama or the great wave of exploration which surged about the throne of Elizabeth. In great measure our indebtedness for the present revival goes to Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. He has been reminding us for years that long before this country spent its energies upon the riteless form of chorus-play commonly called oratorio, it had been building up a long tradition of unaccompanied choral music with no superior. This school, which reached its climax towards the close of the Tudor era, amazes modern experts by its wealth of ideas and the subtlety of its rhythmic form. It is this revival, its origin, purpose and future, that I wanted to discuss, and I was at some pains to overcome Mr. Kennedy Scott's reluctance to talk about himself.

All the signs of healthy energy marked his room—books and pipes, a well-cleared desk of papers—

everything, in short, but the insignia with which so many musicians surround themselves, from the inevitable bust of John Sebastian to bound volumes of the Nine Symphonies. There was no pianola or gramophone to proclaim him a victim to the hurdy-gurdy spirit, and I should not care to be the envoy sent to coax Mr. Kennedy Scott in that direction. In the concert-room and in his study he prevails by an easy naturalness, and if music is a thing apart from common life, it is not his fault. This his talk soon proved. It covered his work in several aspects, first as conductor of the Philharmonic Choir and the Oriana Madrigal Society, both of them famous for the high standard he has maintained; and then as an apostle of Old English music and the newer schools as well. But it was madrigals that interested me, and I had come to learn how it came about that he set himself to bring back to popularity things that had slumbered so long among the archaic and obsolete.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mr. Kennedy Scott.**

"It was the merest chance," he said. "Up to twenty years ago and well past my student days at the Brussels Conservatoire, I was content to follow the more or less orthodox lines of a modern 'young blood,' for I think I have always been a sort of dissatisfied soul with a leaning towards the revolutionary. I had not discovered then that revolution might reach backwards as well as forwards; that one could be both a conservative and a progressive without becoming mentally disordered. I knew very little about choral matters, having been brought up almost entirely as an instrumentalist, and I was doing as our musicians usually did—looking abroad for my inspiration and regarding English music as purely relative and subordinate. One night at a friend's I was turning over a heap of music and came across a curiosity. I ran it over, and then again. Even the name 'madrigal' was a thing of the past, or its very foreignness might have earned it more respect. But instead of the faded commonplaceness of our preconceptions, it revealed strange scholarship; what was more important, it was alive! I came away with it rambling through my mind, and when I had the chance I went along to the British Museum to dig the subject up. The more I searched, the more I found what I had lost—lost without missing, you know, which is sometimes the worst deprivation. In those lovely old compositions buried in neglect, occasionally disinterred for post-mortem purposes, but seldom to rejoice modern ears with the living beauty that still was there, I found what all artists must delight in—records of great spirits dead and gone—things done for love. They came upon me like a revelation. I have never neglected them since, and if anything their fascination grows.

"There were many things I learned from the pursuit of this old music; for one thing, that the field was almost inexhaustible. Issued slowly at first, but in the hey-day of the art poured forth literally in a torrent, our printed madrigals alone numbered their hundreds. I also realised they were things perfect of their kind, things no man could have written unless he was a master of his calling. The English masters who put together the 'Triumphs of Oriana' in praise of Elizabeth were all choice spirits versed in the truest scholarship. Even nowadays, after a steady revival, comparatively few are familiar with the names of Thomas Morley, Dowland, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bennet, Kirby and the rest. Yet these men left exquisite compositions behind which are the admiration of all musicians of discernment, native or other; and they alone would serve to redeem us English from the libel of having no music in our souls."

"Do you attribute the long interval of neglect since 1600 to the Puritan obsession?" I asked. "No, I do not," was the reply: this with emphasis. "I believe the mischief began with the Renaissance, and is even present in some of the writings we are discussing. Compare the work of Tallis and Byrd and Weelkes with that of Morley and Wilbye, and you will see that the spirit of the latter, fine though it is, is not entirely traditional but borrowed. The Renaissance may have done Europe a service in some things: in others it inflicted damage. It overflowed us with a double wave, it seems to me—first a wave of classicism, and then a wave of foreign influence, chiefly Italian. The first cramped us like a flood of lava; the second enfeebled us beyond any cure. This influence was specially destructive to English music, just as it had been in English poetry a century before. Spenser, to my mind, was a true example of the way in which English literature became artificialised, until things and men grew so 'Italianate' as to be objects of distrust, if not contempt. The great era of Tudor drama saved our poetry, but there was no saving sanative for our music. Leaders of fashion who made the grand tour of Europe brought back some foreign fad or other, and aliens like Handel completed the mischief. Their strength was our weakness, and in the conflict the true note of our earlier poets and musicians perished in the shallows of pretence."

I suggested that the era of madrigals might have died a natural death. But Mr. Kennedy Scott would have none of this. "As regards the composition of the

madrigals, yes," he said, " for the polyphonic style had probably reached its climax and new problems had arisen to interest composers. The deplorable thing was not that we failed to produce more madrigals but that we forgot the existence of those we already possessed. It was the passing of the spirit of the Tudor time rather than its letter which produced such woeful aberrations in our critical standards, and I think it was bound up largely with commercialism. Of course, no race can have a monopoly of all the virtues, any more than an individual can. But when we consider the many gifts we've consigned to atrophy for the sake of travel and trade, it's enough to make one's heart ache. Music dwelt in our ancestors, as we have evidence to show; and in the old days we know it to have been part of the life of the common people. It was not only a thing of courts and masques and masquerades; it was commissioned by the abbeys or the guilds or private people; and the result was hailed with enthusiasm, so much so that it circulated by memory or a bit of manuscript and was treasured and sung wherever it went. The composer was honoured, if he was known; but as a rule he remained contented with the perfection of his work. There was no craze for publicity such as newspapers have foisted upon us now. To-day it is not the composer but the star performer who fills the bill; this is because music is something foreign to the national life. We go out and buy it as we buy our amusements, instead of cultivating it for ourselves."

Philippics from an optimist—and he is one if ever there was one—must always be refreshing. I played a bait which soon brought Mr. Kennedy Scott round to his normal and genial self. I asked what about the prospects, and here he was at once afire with hope and confidence. " I think we are on the right lines at last; in fact, I'm convinced of it. During the war there was much talk of keeping German music out because it was German, but the motive was narrow and wrong. I condemn the motive, but have much sympathy with the practice itself, though it is exceedingly hard to determine a thoroughly sound line of action. My point is that at present we have very little need of music from abroad. There is enough fine music produced in this country to supply our wants, and more. Some of it is so good that it will be better appreciated in the future than it is to-day. No man can get the whole world under his skin. If he tries he'll very likely find that he has lost his own soul in the attempt. The thing hangs on a thread of feeling rather than of argument. You can make mincemeat, perhaps, of this particular theory, but I will stick to my contention, or a background of it at any rate. I don't really want to bar foreign compositions or performers. You can't ultimately keep out German or any other imported music by a tariff or Acts of Parliament. What I want to kill is the shallow and preposterous assumption that because it comes from abroad it is bound to be right. Indeed I would almost sign the paradox that however right it is, it is almost bound to be wrong—for us. A mother couldn't be satisfied with some one else's child: the most she can do is to have kindly feeling towards other children. Let us look into our own music, therefore, and give it a sympathetic studious attention; the result will be more than worth the trouble."

CHORAL MUSIC.

From Messrs. Augener come three songs for female voices, of which two, both by Havergal Brian, are well worth the attention of choirs. The first, " Absence," is an easy setting of the well-known " When I think on the happy days " for S.S.C.C. unaccompanied. The second, for S.S.C., with an interesting and independent piano part, deals in fresh and effective style with Heywood's " Pack, Clouds, Away." The part writing is free and ingenious without being finicking, and presents difficulties worth overcoming. The harmonic method of both songs is interesting, the parts are all of interest, and there is a refreshing absence of padding. These virtues are absent from Paul Ambrose's " The Call of Home," a fact which is particularly unfortunate, since only their marked presence could justify yet another adaptation of the Londonderry air. Instead, ordinary harmonies, numerous chromatic clichés, an indefensible alteration of the tune, pleasant but rather unsuitable words, and *bouche fermée* effects, which now need to be very well done to convince, combine to produce a commonplace result.

" Judas Iscariot's Paradise," a setting by Adam Carse for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra of Sebastian Evans's striking and unusual poem, occupying thirty-two pages in piano score, forms a welcome addition to the none too extensive repertory of short works available for ambitious choirs of moderate size and ability. The ballad describes the discovery by " the holy Brandon and Brandon's crew " of Judas Iscariot, released from hell for a day each year on account of three good actions to sit in his sorry paradise,

> " naked on a stone,
> Worn by the waves to sinew and bone,
> Wringing his hands with a dolorous moan."

The solo, chorus writing and scoring are bold and broadly effective, and vividly reproduce the *macabre* and dramatic elements of the poem.

SONGS.

From Messrs. Enoch come three songs which, apart from their intrinsic merits, provide interesting grounds for comparison. " A Persian Love Song," by Imayat Khan and Henry Tiltman, " The Old Woman," by Sarojini Naidu and Paul Edmonds, and " An Eastern Lover," by John H. Foulds, exemplify different methods of treating eastern words. The first is a good song suitable for baritone or tenor, in which the composer's oriental tastes are visible in nothing but the title and, perhaps, a rather causeless change of key. He has done well what was presumably all he tried to do, and the result is a graceful song that deserves popularity. Mr. Edmonds is more sophisticated. He takes a tune that is no more eastern than Mr. Tiltman's and of much less value, a tune that would do for a dozen things, and proceeds to manufacture an atmosphere by means of an accompaniment which is simple enough but significant, and, except for the first bar of the sixth page, consistent. The song is an amusing experiment, certainly pinchbeck, but very neat in its pretence. Mr. Foulds is more sincere and more ambitious. His setting of words from the Song of Songs is not obtrusively oriental, the local colour being left to the words and occasional suggestions in the piano part. " An Eastern Lover " is an interesting and unusual song which offers good opportunities to the contralto or mezzo-soprano voice.

In his setting of Tennyson's " Break, break, break " (Enoch), Easthope Martin concentrates upon the passion of the words rather than their dignified restraint, so that his song is somewhat obviously rhetorical and more convincing on first than on second hearing. But though turgid and lacking in economy of means, it holds together well; and though the reading is in some ways superficial, parts of the song, particularly the conclusion, have pathos and a certain nobility.

A refreshing feature about the songs remaining to be considered is that all deal with the open air and that some catch a little of its freshness. The best is " Harpenden Common," by George Buchanan (Enoch), a jolly song

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of the type that has been steadily popular since Santley made "The Yeoman's Wedding" famous. The words are breezy and worth singing, the music swings, there is a bonny face in the last verse and a derry-down-derry in each; the robust baritone in need of a popular song need ask no more.

"Near the Rill," by F. W. Massi-Hardiman (Augener), is more ambitious and less successful. The words, after the Russian, have suggested a pleasant enough tune that would have been better for a simpler accompaniment than it here receives. It is overdressed. No such charge can be made against "The Country Dance," in which Helen Taylor and May Brahe return to a tract of country which they have exploited in several better songs than this. For the moment they have dropped into a style too ingenuously simple, and trusted to "merrily, merrily-o's," with the climax on the "—ly," to eke out defective vigour and an over-short refrain. Their trust was misplaced. A return to the better workmanship of "As I went a-roaming" would seem to be indicated. A similar return would benefit Katie Moss, who once wrote "The Floral Dance" and now offers "Grey Flowers of Dusk" (Ricordi), which are much less fragrant. Here again the composer turns nominally to the open, but it is a stage garden with too highly-coloured flowers (rhyming with "hours"), each with an allegory attached for use in the last verse, and a spot lime for the dying sun. Further notice is needless, as the song has been reviewed many times before under many titles, and many audiences have sat enraptured, as it is to be feared they will again, while the singer saved himself for the final sprint to G.

But the average output of the popular houses does really seem to show that the taste of the large public for this sort of sugar is diminishing, or is at least extending to other things of a better sort. Only such a reflection can fortify reviewers against such touching trifles as "Tilly" (Keith, Prowse), in which two strong men combine to warble the charms of a close relation of "Jane," who becomes an angel in the last line but one, and ends softly. It is useless to provoke the blue pencil by really apt criticism.

RODNEY BENNETT.

RHYTHM: ITS POWER AND ITS NEGLECT, WITH THE PRINCIPLES AND LAWS WHICH GOVERN THE PERFORMANCE OF MUSIC. By George Sampson. (Chester.)

The author of this pamphlet is not, we imagine, the writer whose essays on books and music are familiar features of these columns. He is the city organist of Brisbane and holds many other offices in the musical and academic life of Queensland. He is plainly a writer with definite opinions and courage to state them unmistakably. He believes that the soul of music is rhythm, and that any overlay of "expression" warring against rhythm is a crime against the composer. This thesis he develops with sound argument and an abundance of quoted examples. We may, perhaps, think he is a little fanatical, but we are sure that his contention is sound. Rhythm, he says grimly, is discipline; that is why the flabby dilettante shirks it. He will, we are sure, be interested to know that enlightened teachers of English have definitely revolted against the kind of reading in schools in which so-called "expression" is allowed to destroy rhythmic feeling. We once heard a young lady recite Shelley's "Skylark," and, at the line "Like a high-born maiden," she made little catches with her hand in the air as if seeking an elusive fly, and exclaimed, "Lake—lake—lake—lake a hay-born meeden." We are sure Mr. Sampson would have enjoyed it as much as we did. We strongly recommend his pamphlet to all conductors, choristers, teachers and students.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

LIMEHOUSE WHARF. By H. V. Jervis-Read. Words by Adrian Heard. (Elkin.)

Not enough character in the words, and not quite enough character in the music to make the song outstanding.

TWO SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By H. V. Jervis-Read. Words by Gabriel Setoun. (Elkin.)

Two pleasing melodies, but the words, as so often the case in children's songs, are rather too grown-uppish.

INCLINATION À LA DANSE. By Cyril Scott. (Elkin.)

An inexperienced player may think at first sight that here is a Cyril Scott piece that he can play with a fair amount of ease. He will quickly be disillusioned. It is a tantalising "danse," but one that all Cyril Scott enthusiasts will want to get.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS. Cantata by Jaques-Dalcroze. (Augener.)

Another delightful book for children's voices, which should prove as great a success as Jaques-Dalcroze's former works of this kind.

FOUR MINIATURES. By Havergal Brian. (Augener.)

Four charming miniatures—two of them inspired by poems by William Blake.

SEA DREAMS. SCHERZETTO. REVERIE. IMPROMPTU. By Montague F. Phillips. (Augener.)

Mr. Montague Phillips's four pianoforte studies are difficult, but interesting and full of character.

The Drama.

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY OF IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

OXFORD: an afternoon in Eights Week: the last stage of a club lunch to the Irish Players. A young man stands up to reply to the toast of the Abbey Theatre. The whisper goes round that he is Lennox Robinson, manager of the Players on tour; the titles of two or three plays already to his credit are murmured as he begins to speak. In a few simple words he tells something of the history of the Abbey Theatre, its ideals, its difficulties, its hopes. . . . And then, eight years later, between the curtains of a London playhouse the same figure comes forward to plead for the same heroic enterprise, threatened now with extinction by the new Curfew Act. But on this second occasion he is no longer unknown; he has toured England and America with the Irish Players; his "White-headed Boy," produced recently at the Ambassadors, is in full career; his "Lost Leader" has been seen at the Court. Only the speaker is unchanged; tall, stooping, speaking

a little slowly and awkwardly ("Max" would do him in three long curves and a lock of hair), you would say he was rather bored with the whole business, were it not for a certain wistful note in his voice which tells, better than any flamboyant rhetoric, of his deep love for his cause. That cause triumphs still; the Abbey Theatre, oldest of existing Repertories, is once more afloat with Lennox Robinson at the helm; and at the Aldwych an offshoot of its old company has been presenting a second season of "The White-headed Boy."

Thanks to the courtesy of one of the Irish Players (who was magnanimous enough to lend a perfect stranger what he could not otherwise have obtained at such short notice) I have just read the new edition of "The White-headed Boy," published by the Talbot Press, with a foreword on the author by Ernest Boyd. The latter gives an admirably concise account of Lennox Robinson's contributions to the Abbey stage, from "The Clancy Name" in 1908 almost to the present day, and I cannot do better than recommend all Abbey-lovers to add the book to their library. But Mr. Boyd's account might be supplemented here and there. He is a little hard on "The Cross Roads," a play whose atmosphere is very grimly convincing even when its incidents are improbable—a play for the stage rather than the study, in short, leaning a little to melodrama, as does all Lennox Robinson's earlier work. Lady Gregory commented on this trait not long ago in a London lecture, where she described him as having "waded to the 'White-headed Boy' through streams of blood"; the author himself deplores it, and seldom revives the tragedies of his apprenticeship. But in "The Cross Roads" at any rate there is something more than this melodramatic tendency; Ellen's ideals are frustrated by her transference to a sphere where there would seem to be no place for them, and the city education which has fostered those ideals is turned to bitterness and remorse. The intellectual is at odds with the physical, and in Lennox Robinson's later work the same conflict is to be found. It recurs in "Harvest," his next play, another study of the misapplication and waste of educational facilities. It recurs apparently in "The Round Table," a new play not yet produced in London, which has been described to me as the "Mary Rose" of the Irish stage. Nor is it fanciful to trace something of the kind, applied politically, in "Patriots" and "The Dreamers"—both studies, in part, of the idealist's failure to see eye to eye with the materialist. Politically this thesis received its tragic commentary from real life in the rebellion of 1916; but as Mr. Boyd points out, political prophecy is not an essential function of the dramatist, and the bitter lesson of Easter Week (where so much more than England and Ireland was in conflict) leaves Lennox Robinson not too dismayed. In "The Lost Leader" he restores Parnell to active life; and though the hero's death forestalls the disclosure of his great plan for the salvation of Ireland, there is little doubt that the ascendancy which Parnell anticipates is an intellectual one.

Delicate ground for an Irish playwright! The Synge riots sprang seemingly from far less provocation. But in this respect Lennox Robinson is himself the white-headed boy of the Irish theatre. Even when political, his work has always been welcomed in Dublin as a sincere, earnest contribution to Irish thought; and when they flocked to "The Lost Leader," the spectators who had reduced the "Playboy" to a dumb-show left drum and trumpet at home. It is not easy to account for this, at any rate by comparing the texts of the two plays. Maybe the personality of the respective writers had something to do with it. Synge suffered no fool gladly; he was impatient of misunderstanding, and had a you-be-damned knack of sending interrogators about their business, or of confounding them with still more outrageous laughter. Lennox Robinson is more patient—at times almost explanatory; and I have often wondered whether this difference of personality, leaking through to the outside world as reputations will, has not helped to win an indulgence for the one playwright that was denied the other.

Mr. Boyd cites "The White-headed Boy" as the crown of Lennox Robinson's maturer work. Commercially it is so, no doubt; whether it is as good a play as "The Lost Leader" is likely to remain as barren a discussion as most comparisons between different forms of art. At all events it is no higher above the level of Abbey comedy than is "The Lost Leader" above that of Abbey tragedy. If its success in England makes it seem so, one must allow for the play's abnormal adaptability to the needs of London audiences, who have even now not quite forgotten their old love for the stage Irishman of Boucicaultian farce. In that Ambassadors production, again, the chief parts were taken by two artists, neither of whom could resist the temptation of playing to the stage-Irish gallery. Mr. Sinclair has always leaned towards clowning; and Miss O'Neill's Aunt Ellen declined steadily from a richly comic creation to the most lamentably inappropriate burlesque. Miss O'Neill was perhaps out of her true element in playing comedy; but Mr. Sinclair is so ripe a comedian that his rather disappointing Duffy calls for further comment; for Mr. Sinclair is a great artist in his own line—yes, a great solo artist; almost the George Robey of the Irish stage; now Mr. Robey in any part might be more absolutely amusing than (shall we say?) Mr. Arthur Whitby; but his Falstaff, one may imagine, would be less good than Mr. Whitby's, because it would tend to be funny in itself rather than relatively to the rest of the play. An over-endowment of comic genius sometimes disqualifies an artist for good team-work: he achieves the Euclidean paradox of making the part seem greater than the whole; which is absurd. . . . By the same token Mr. O'Donovan at the Aldwych is a better Duffy than Mr. Sinclair at the Ambassadors, and Miss Allgood's Aunt Ellen ten thousand times better than the farcical charlady of Miss O'Neill.

If I have seemed to stray from Lennox Robinson to a discussion of Irish acting it is because this burlesque appeal has so often obscured the other side of the picture. "The White-headed Boy," like all true comedy, is not wholly comic; "Maurice Harte," indeed, by T. C. Murray, is an appalling tragedy on the identical theme—the grim struggle of a peasant family to give one son his "chance." This is not to say of course that "The White-headed Boy" should be confused by any undue obtrusion of its seamier side; Lennox Robinson views his theme legitimately from the